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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



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Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Sex Unveiled

Be prepared. Be warned. When everybody starts talking about a new book of sex revelations, soon to appear, keep this article in mind.

D. F. Miller

A GREAT many foolish and dangerous things are being written these days about the forthcoming (as we write) book by Professor Alfred C. Kinsey on the sexual behavior of women. The book will give a summary of and conclusions drawn from private interviews held with several thousands of women on the subject of their sex life, just as a previous volume, published a few years ago, gave the results of such interviews with men.

Despite the detached and "scientific" air that previewing commentators on this new volume of erotica are at pains to assume, one can detect two attitudes boiling beneath the surface: one is the universal curiosity about the sex lives of others, which is a not very distant cousin of outright sensuality; the other is a sort of gleeful anticipation that the revelations of Professor Kinsey will make it easier for people to be uninhibited in their own sexual aberrations. Both these attitudes will, if not exposed and checked, do grave moral harm to thousands of individuals, and will speed the complete corruption of American society.

The fallacies behind these two attitudes need to be grimly faced, therefore, by every sensible American. There is scarcely any doubt that Kinsey's new book will reach, even more rapidly than its predecessor, the best-seller status. While it will have a certain amount of value for some classes of professional people, its publishers will, with Kinsey's blessing, try to sell it to everybody as they did his first volume. Many of its buyers and readers will not try to conceal from themselves or others their sordid motives: they will simply want a new stimulus for their already strong concupiscence. Many other people will, in buying and reading the book, hide behind the restrained and professedly scientific claptrap of the reviewers and commentators. These latter will make it appear that nothing could be of greater value to society and its members than a knowledge of the secret facts and general percentages concerning the sex life of women that the book will reveal.

To spare as many people as possible—indeed, all who are willing to face the truth about themselves, about sex and about sex morality—from serious damage to their bodies, their minds, and their souls, this exposé is written.

It will seem to many fairly honest people that the motive behind their interest in this sort of book is mere curiosity, and that this curiosity is at worst an indifferent motive, at best very fruitful and useful. The human mind, they will argue, is made to know. All knowledge is good in itself. Knowledge about human beings is especially valuable, because everybody has to live with other human beings. And since sex is about the most important field of human activity (a Freudian idea that has received wide acceptance) no one can know too much about sex.

Such general statements need be checked against the truth that curiosity about sex must be made subject to other practical and realistic considerations. It is obvious that curiosity about sex should be gratified to the extent of a particular person's moral and practical needs at a given time in life. Even children need some knowledge about sex, to be able to distinguish right from wrong and to be protected from certain dangers. Teen-agers, entering upon company-keeping, should know enough to be able to distinguish right and wrong ways of manifesting affection. Married people need a sound knowledge of the physical, emotional, psychical and moral aspects of marriage relations. Doctors need a professional knowledge of sex to be of service to their patients. Priests need a certain kind of specialized knowledge of the subject to be able to exercise their ministry of forgiveness and direction. But none of these statements make Kinsey's books valuable in a general wav.

It should be clear to all that there is a certain amount and kind of knowledge about sex that is completely unrelated to any need, personal or social, of an individual. Seeking such knowledge becomes bad, not because it is knowledge, but because it ordinarily acts as a stimulus to passions that need to be restrained and weakens the re-

sistance of the will to evil that is appealing.

This is not merely an academic statement. Its truth can be recognized by any person who will be honest with himself. Poring over exhaustive tracts on sexual sins, oddities, perversions, etc., has a way of inflaming deep-seated desire and even passion itself in most persons. This can be offset and disregarded only through a strictly professional need and interest, and through the use of spiritual means to remain detached from sensual inclinations. Looking at representations or realities, or reading detailed descriptions, of sex practices, impresses the imagination and the memory, and induces a strong inclination, often an overwhelming propensity, toward lust. These are facts of human nature that no platitudes about the value of all knowledge or the freedom of the scientific spirit can dislodge.

For these reasons Kinsey's books are forbidden books for the vast majority of people. Ordinary people have no need of the kind of knowledge they present; indeed, from reading the newspapers, and merely observing the world around them, they already know the general facts that will be presented, viz., that there is a considerable amount of disobedience to the sixth commandment of God in the world. Kinsey's books will merely go into detail about the matter; they will relate case histories and present percentages based on several thousand interviews supposedly representative of 70 or 80 million women. Since the average non-professional American has no need of such knowledge, and since he will most probably be gravely disturbed and tried by it, he should leave the Kinsey books severely alone.

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The second and worse fallacy that

is being presented as a sound reason for reading Kinsey's new book is that it will help people to revise their ideas on sexual morality, on the sex instruction of children, and on the treatment of sex-offenders. This revision will be suggested on the principle that if enough people do certain things, even though previously they have been accepted as sins, they cannot be wrong.

Though Professor Kinsey, in his first book, disclaimed the intention of wanting to set standards of sexual right and wrong by what people actually do, the whole tone of the book belied the disclaimer. Moreover the alacrity with which he permitted the publishers to exploit it for sales among the general public gave an indication that he was not too displeased when commentators on it, especially of the agnostic, pragmatic and Freudian type, made this the first and most important conclusion they gleaned from it.

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That this thoroughly unreasonable and unChristian conclusion will be stressed again has already become clear. Here is a quotation from an article that has already appeared in a popular magazine to whet the general appetite for the forthcoming book about the sexual behavior of women: "While the answers to these questions (about certain sex practices) are highly interesting and important to the scientist, they are even more interesting to the ordinary man and woman, especially the parents of young and adolescent children. For the sober facts of what human sexual behavior really is-not what we think it ought to be or would like it to befurnish a basis for the intelligent handling of vital problems in our own lives and in the lives of our children as well."

There you have it. In other, less euphemistic words: "No matter what common sense and reason make clear about sex morality, no matter what

your conscience tells you when you are tempted to commit adultery, no matter what the sixth commandment of God prescribes, you should feel free to follow the crowd, to do what a sampled percentage of the American people admits to having done, to so train your sons and daughters that they won't be so very different from the common run of fornicators and adulterers, etc., that they will find around them in society."

This is just one more effort to popularize, in a horrible and diabolical way, the denials of objective moral standards that have long been common among secular university professors and in other high academic circles of America. For these there is no such thing as a law made by the Creator, binding on all men, everywhere, forever, clearly understandable by the intellect of every man, and still binding though 75, 80 or 90 persons out of a hundred have made a habit of breaking it. It is a clever thing to apply this denial specifically to the matter of sex. This is the point at which the average man and woman are apt to be tempted either most often or most severely; this is the point on which they most eagerly seek excuses from the law they know; this is the point on which they will most eagerly embrace the example of others as approval for their own evil conduct.

The full implication, therefore, of the conclusion that you should not worry about sex lapses if many others have lapsed before you, is that you should not worry about any law of God that is broken by many men. The people make their own laws, in other words, by their votes, or by their practices, or by their wishes. God has no authority to oppose or command them.

What would happen to society, to democracy, to civilization, to ordinary decency and sanity, if this outlook were widely adopted, can be seen by carrying the method of Kinsey's books into all the fields of human conduct. The hypothetical but not unrealistic results would be about as follows:

We hold interviews with 10,000 Americans on the subject of obedience. We learn that 7389 persons admit to having disobeyed their mothers and fathers at some time, to having broken traffic laws, etc. Our conclusion is that we must revise our notions of obedience. We must beware of making our children minority specimens, bizarre characters, by insisting on obedience. We must do away with traffic laws, and the police. We must build up a new concept of authority, based on the disobediences of the majority.

We hold interviews with 10,000 Americans on the subject of stealing. We learn that 6482, a clear majority, admit to having stolen something in their lives, or to cheating in business at the present time. We conclude that we must revise our concepts of the immorality of stealing and let the other 3518, who have not yet stolen, in on

the loot.

We hold interviews with 10,000 Americans on the subject of lying. We learn that 9297, a whopping majority, admit to having told at least one lie, many of them hundreds of lies. We say, therefore, to everybody: "The people love to lie. Almost everybody has told lies. The sensible thing, therefore, is to teach our children to tell lies."

Could there be any better way imaginable to make life intolerable and the world a hell? Yet that is the direction in which the Kinsey reports and their commentators move the American people.

Every priest, judge, social worker and policeman knows the general facts that the Kinsey reports reveal in detail. They know much more. They know much that the Kinsey reports will not touch upon at all. They know something of the internal misery and the external conflicts and tragedies that sexual sin has caused in the lives of people. They have seen in reality the meaning of the words: "The wages of sin is death." When one of the persons interviewed by a Kinsey agent is asked the question: "Have you ever committed adultery?" it is quite easy for that person to answer with a "ves" if that happens to be the truth, and for the agent to mark an "x" on the score sheet. But that simple "yes" and the "x" that records it tell nothing about the awful train of events that led up to that sin and followed and will follow upon it.

The Saturday Evening Post recently carried a series of articles on the subject of the consequences of divorce. Every one of them was a perfect answer to the assumption that, because many people get divorces, divorce is not evil. The articles showed that the evil results of divorce are universal, and that if you multiply divorces, you multiply the evil results. The Kinsey reports tell how people misuse sex: they naively say little or nothing about what happens to people who misuse sex. Many a poor dupe will conclude that what others do, he can do. He won't realize till too late that the commonness of sin won't save him from the common penalties of sin.

Another thing. Kinsey reports on a predominantly de-Christianized society. Four out of five Americans have no real religion, no reasonable submission to the authority of God, no concept of a heaven infinitely worth striving for and a hell to be feared more than anything in the world. St. Paul explains the enslavement of such people to their lustful instincts better than any commentator on the Kinsey reports will ever be able to

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do. He says: "When they knew God, they have not glorified him as God or given thanks; but became vain in their thoughts. And their foolish heart was darkened. For, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man and of birds, and of fourfooted beasts and of creeping things. Wherefore, God gave them up

to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness: to dishonor their own bodies among themselves." (Rom. 1/21-24)

This text explains Freud and all his followers. This text explains the popularization of the Kinsey reports. This text writes the final judgment on anyone who permits those reports to turn him from the glory of the incorruptible God to the worship of sex and the dishonoring of his own body.

In Praise of Alms

This hymn in praise of almsgiving was written by St. John Chrysostom about 1500 years ago:

Nothing is so much God's will as that which is for our neighbor's good. By bringing us into need of one another God desires to make our love of one another more fervent.

Every poor man, every needy cause, is an altar on which we can offer sacrifice.

Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God to all that give.

Almsgiving is a kind of art, having its workshop in heaven and for its

teacher not man but God.

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Other arts end with this present life; the art of almsgiving will shine out brighter than ever when the world passes away.

It is a better thing, truly, to know this art than to wear the diadem of a king.

It builds houses that will last forever.

It bestows on you treasures that are never spent, that cannot be stolen, that will not decay.

It weaves spotless wedding garments for the nuptials of heaven.

It causes us to triumph over death and hell.

It makes us Like God Himself.

His Blood be upon Us . .

Three hours are so short, too short for You. So hang there.

Taste the years of sin, my sins.

Three hours are so short, my life so long.

Do hang there.

Plans have I for You,-and me.

Is it a sturdy Cross?

Will it hold You till

I cannot bear a child?

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

On Exclusive Dates

Problem: I am 17 years old, just graduated from high school, and in my first year at college. I don't want to get married until I am at least 20, if then. I would like to go out with different boys now and then, but I don't want to be tied down to steady company-keeping. This seems to be all but impossible today. If I am seen at a party with a certain young man, no one else will ask me for a date unless it becomes publicly known that I have broken up with that particular boy. In other words, if you go out once or twice with a certain boy, everybody else seems to think you are already bound to that person for good. Do I have to either give up dating boys entirely, or else stick to one during my whole college career?

Solution: We have heard complaints about this unfortunate social condition repeatedly. It is not a healthy thing at all. It is even responsible fc-some unhappy marriages because the young people involved had little chance to become acquainted with anybody but the first partner they happened to take out.

The responsibility for this situation may be traced to the fact that there is so much exclusive dating and regular company-keeping among the very young, even in the early years of high school. Some school authorities and even parents seem to think nothing of permitting freshmen and sophomore high school students to have their "steady dates." Since that is so common, it is natural that many young people should feel that by the time a person reaches college, he or she must have a "steady", or must want to make a "steady" of the first partner that comes along.

If you really are serious about not wanting to get married for several years, and about making the most of your chance at education, the best thing by all odds would be to do very little dating. It you go out often, even with different persons, you may find yourself in love before you know it, no matter what different plans you have laid. Giving up dates, which should not be too difficult for a 17 year old freshman, would obviate all your worries about people taking it for granted that you are all but engaged when you go out with a boy. If you do accept a few dates, you should courageously "buck" the tradition that you have to stick to one partner. Let each boy know that you are not starting anything by going out with him; that you shall remain free to accept dates from others; and that you are not going to let anyone "rush" you.

The Story of a School

This is not an unusual story; it has happened often. Though the names are fictitious, the people are not. In too many cases the end of the story has been different than it is here.

E. F. Miller

THE MEETING was held in the parish hall of Town Hoover in a certain state of the United States. You want to know immediately how the town got to be named Town Hoover? Dear reader, I do not know. Suffice it to say that Town Hoover had about seventy-five souls, counting everybody, all of whom were Catholic. There were a couple of hundred people outside the village limits, mostly farmers, who were Catholic too. They worshiped with the villagers in the Town Hoover church. Most of them were prosperous. A few were retired. And that's all I'm going to tell you about Town Hoover. Any other mere technical information has no bearing on our story.

The parish priest conducted the meeting. His name was Father Summer. Do not be deceived by a name. Father Summer had anything but the appearance of summer. Rather he looked like late fall or even the middle of winter. His face was long and sad, and if laughter lay behind his lips, it lay buried beneath mounds and mounds of worry. Probably Father Summer had not laughed in a long time. And the chances were that he would not laugh in the foreseeable future. His parishioners wanted to close the parish school. The parish school had been serving children with a balanced diet of the eternal and the temporal, the spiritual and the material, for nearly a hundred years. And now the people wanted to close it down. He sat at the front of the hall and looked pretty glum. What could he do?

He had tried his best to show the people that it would be a mistake. He had visited every family, pointing out the value of a Catholic education, the wishes of the Church, the welfare of the children in eternity as well as in time. They had listened. But they did not commit themselves. They were stubborn. They were hard to convince. They reserved their judgment in spite of the priest's pleading. Most of them. Not all.

Peter Hohn agreed with the priest. He was a tall and rugged man, as gaunt in figure and as craggy in face as Abraham Lincoln. It was strange that of all the people he should be the one to agree with the priest. His farm had never brought him the prosperity that farms had brought to his neighbors. Maybe Peter wasn't a good farmer. Or maybe Peter was never quite convinced that a farm was the only thing in life worth working. The way to get rich is to make yourself believe that your job or your business or even your farm is the reason for your creation. Peter never quite arrived at that point. So, Peter was not rich.

Why did Peter Hohn agree with the priest? If he paid his share towards the continued support of the school, he would have very little left for shows and trips and eight cylinder automobiles. His children would have to wear hand-me-downs until there wasn't a thread left to hand down. They'd be laughed at, too, by their companions in the time-honored tradition of the cruelty of children. His wife wouldn't

be able to get a new dress or hat until she was too old to enjoy it. He himself? He didn't need or want a thing. He'd get by.

It was his children that Peter Hohn was worried about. He had twelve of them, the same number as of the Apostles. They ranged from two to seventeen. So far they were all pretty good. Would they remain that way if they didn't have the sisters to teach them their religion as well as their manners? He didn't think so. He was all for the priest. You see, Peter Hohn was one of those heroes that you don't read about in the daily newspapers or in the martyrologies of the past. He never won a Congressional Medal of Honor in any war. Why, he couldn't even get rich. What kind of a hero was that? Peter was a hero anyway.

The meeting was held to decide once and for all what was to be done. Already there had been too much talking and bickering and not enough action. The enrollment in the school was down to thirty-five. Three sisters had to be housed, fed and given a salary. The salary wasn't very much, it was true. But it was enough. And the coal bill each year was getting higher.

The parishioners had nothing against the sisters. Sisters were fine. Wasn't Rudolf Wertz's daughter a sister? But sisters were not needed in Town Hoover. There was a fine public school right in the middle of the parish. Money couldn't (or shouldn't) be thrown away to support both sisters in a Catholic school and teachers in a public school. The sisters would simply have to go. A man had to be practical as well as Catholic and pious. Priests sometimes possessed no idea as to what it meant to earn a dollar. Easy come, easy go.

The little hall was packed to the doors. This was surprising. Winter was just beginning to set in, and the locale

of Town Hoover, my friends, was not in the deep South nor even in the middle South. It was in the North. A storm was shaping up outside, and the air gave a promise of snow. The windows rattled as though hands were shaking them. Across the frozen fields and around the corners of the building an infuriated wind shrieked and whistled and moaned mournfully like a man in pain. The issue of the school must have been important to bring out men and women from the comfort of their homes on a night like this.

Old Wenzel Schmiedler occupied a place in the front row closest to the priest. He was a widower and had lots of money. Some said (perhaps untruly) that he was the richest man in the parish, worth at least a hundred thousand dollars. There was no exaggeration in the statement that his farm was one of the best in the whole state. He had done well with his land. You couldn't take that away from him—he had worked like a slave. There were times when he couldn't even get to Mass, so busy was he taking care of his pigs and his cows and his crops.

But every nickel he ever made was present and accounted for. Except, of course, the nickels he spent for his own comfort, for the large car he drove, for the trips he took to Chicago each year to see his sister, for the fine equipment he had in his barns and for the conveniences with which he had fitted up his home. These spent nickels were accounted for too; but they were no longer present. Sometimes the thought of the latter made Wenzel sad. He would go over his bank book and shake his head dolefully.

Old Wenzel, in reality, was only poor when somebody wanted to take a little of his money away from him without giving him tangible value in return. He was a shrewd one all right. He knew the size and weight and feeling of a penny. Just let a sharper try to get ahead of him in business! The sharper would be lucky if he escaped with his shirt.

Church was everything to Wenzel. He was a pillar, a candlestick of the parish. For thirty years he had ushered, seeing to it with a steely eye that each man, woman and child put their share in the collection box on Sunday morning. He was also a trustee, and so fearless and severe in the handling and keeping of the books that a whole succession of priests had trembled in his presence, and dared not buy a mop for the housekeeper or a box of charcoal for the sacristy without a signed and sealed permission. You can be sure that no scandal ever touched the name of Wenzel and that no scandal would touch it in the future. There was too much honesty and uprightness in the old man. Wenzel was the salt, the incense, the cornerstone, the custodian of the community and the parish.

Those of you who think yourselves so brave, put your feet in Wenzel's expensive shoes. Would you have the courage to stand up before your parish priest and tell him that he was wrong in a project that was close to his heart? Very likely you would be silent, and allow others to do your talking for you. Imagine, then, how Wenzel felt. It was only his sense of duty that urged him on. His money, not the priest's, would have to be put up for the continuance of the school. He heaved his ample weight to a standing position and cleared his throat. The wind persisted in moaning and shrieking outside. Silence fell upon the hall. But wait, reader. You know what Wenzel is going to say as well as I do. Let us leave him on his feet and in the middle of his argument, and cast our eye over the rest of the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Schmitz were

in respective seats three rows back from

These two were up in years, and back in years too if you grasp what I mean. Adolf had on a high stiff collar that was cutting his throat to ribbons and pushing his Adam's apple against his wind pipe. It was the kind of collar that goes with a moustache. Sure enough, he had a moustache—the long curly variety such as the Kaiser used to wear in Germany. It was white like snow and turned up at the ends. His suit was sombre black not unlike an undertaker's, and carried the aroma of moth balls.

Emma, his wife, was swathed in skirts and petticoats that fell not far from her shins and ascended almost to her chin. She was determined that no man should have cause for bad thoughts because of the way she dressed. She could not have made herself more impersonal and less feminine if she had put on a suit of armor. There were already too many of those young snips, even at Mass on Sunday, who didn't seem to care if their legs were showing nearly to their knees when they walked up the aisle to their pew. And as though that immodesty were not enough, they had the gall to cover those same legs with silk. Silk, bah! Cotton was good enough for her legs. It must have cost them a pretty penny. Very likely they'd all end in the poor house. It was a sin. She could not understand why the priest did not blast them from the church. The priest was a weakling. And now he wanted them to pay out some more hard-earned money for foolishness. Well, he wouldn't get any of their money. Adolf would tell him good.

In fact, Adolf was as leary of giving out money as was his wife, even though he was just about as rich as Wenzel. He and his wife were both afraid of the rainy day-you know, the day when the wolf appears at the door and creditors begin piling the furniture in the street. One might have fifty thousand dollars in the bank; but one could never tell what might happen or how much of the fifty thousand dollars one might need before the end. They'd better be careful about the way they spent their money. Once it was gone, only public charity remained. Dollar bills didn't grow on bushes or sprout out of the ground like weeds. They'd listen to the priest carefully, but their mind was made up. They had no children anyway. What responsibility was it of theirs to keep the school going? They could be good Catholics and still refuse to throw their money away. Every priest should know that,

Wenzel Schmiedler was finished with his speech. He sat down. It was Adolf's turn. He too cleared his throat and swallowed with difficulty. Not much could get past the collar around his neck. His face was red like a beat. It was also thin and worn, for Emma had half-starved him in an effort to save money. We know what Adolf intends to say just as we knew Wenzel's speech even before he gave it. Let us see who else is present at the meeting.

The Muellers and the Dierbecks and the Beckerheims were scattered here and there throughout the hall. And an Irish family by the name of Cleary. Even Amos Schultz was on hand, Amos was a bachelor. He approached the Communion railing once a year, and sometimes not that often. He never killed anybody and he never stole from his neighbor, he always said, implying thereby that he was as good as the next man. He didn't have to go running to church all the time. He was a lot better than some who did run to church all the time. He always nodded his head knowingly and sagely when he

said this, as though he were holding something back that he would rather not talk about. Amos was a hard man. His neighbors feared him.

He was present at the meeting for a very special reason. He had a lot in the cemetery where his mother and father were buried. He wanted to be buried there too. That was the essence of his religion. The cemetery. Some years before he had had a long drawn out fight with the pastor over the cemetery. Something about church money and not getting buried in the cemetery unless you led a decent Catholic life. He had won on the money side of the question. But on "the leading a decent Catholic life" he was shaken up. He had begun to pay his church dues each year and to show a semblance of religion so that they'd have to bury him near the tremendous grave-stone that he had had erected. If he were buried on the family plot, he'd be sure of heaven. If he got buried elsewhere, he'd go to hell for certain. So, better not take any chances. He'd be wise to attend all meetings. That didn't mean, naturally, that he was obligated to shell out money for every fool idea that hit the priest's head. When Adolf finished his speech, Amos got up and very piously began a long and rambling talk on the duty of all Americans to support their free and democratic institutions, the first of which was the public school. Let us close our ears to such banality and turn back to the priest.

Poor Father Summer! He looked over his flock and knew what was going on in each man's mind. And in each woman's mind too. He had had a mission in the church a few months before. The missionary had pounded away with great fervor and eloquence at the evil of loving money above God and of fearing poverty more than the fires of hell. He had told the story of the eye of the

needle and of Dives and Lazarus. All these people before him had made the mission. They loved missions. They had gone to the sacraments. They said that it had been a wonderful mission.

For the most part they did not change. For some mysterious reason the words of the missionary went over their heads like a breeze. They went home and continued to pay the absolute minimum to their hired help. They went home and still pushed the poor DP's whom they brought to their farms from Europe to the full extent of their physical capabilities. They persevered in their conviction that they were going to take their money with them when they died, or defy the past and refuse to go.

Thus, what could be expected now in regard to the school, especially after Wenzel Schmiedler's speech which told the priest in no uncertain terms that he could expect no support from the parish if he went ahead with his plans against the wishes of the people? And what hope was there in view of Adolf's sad and forlorn tale of his own extreme poverty and the darkness of the future, when everybody in the hall knew that he could have purchased the church, school, rectory and sisters' house with the cash he had put away in "safe" investments, and still have enough money left over to buy a golden casket for himself and Emma for their day of burial? What chance did the school have of surviving after Amos Schultz finished blasting it off its very foundations?

But the speeches are over now, patient and gentle reader, and you may sit back and contemplate with true philosophy what resulted from all that went before. The cause was lost. The priest bowed his head still lower in resignation to the inevitable.

Then it was that Peter Hohn stood up. Until now he had been silent as a

rock that has until the end of time to say its say. He was in the back of the hall: and as he unwound his frame and mounted to his feet, his height towered over the surrounding chairs and the people in them like an oak tree over a cabbage. He surveyed the audience quietly as though he were a quarterback on the football field sizing up the weak spots in the enemy defense. There was Wenzel, with his back as stiff and straight as a ramrod. There were the Schmitzes, bent low under the burden of their poverty. There were the others, some of them smirking a bit at the sight of Peter, the one man who could not make a lot of money, about to tell them what they were to do with their money. They looked at their watches. They listened to the wind. They peered out the windows. He'd better make it snappy. They wanted to go home.

Peter's speech was short. "It seems," he said, "that everyone here wants the school to be closed, except the priest. Well, I don't want the school closed. The school will remain open. And I will pay the sisters' salary myself. I will also pay all other expenses for its upkeep that you don't want to pay or can't afford to pay. That's all. And now I think we can go home." He sat down.

But nobody moved. It was as though a flash of lightning had powered through the room.

Did you ever hear, my friends, of sudden charges and attacks, made by the Holy Spirit in unexpected moments on the hearts of men? So it happened in the case of Paul the Apostle and the great Augustine. So it happened in the case of the people gathered in the parish hall of Town Hoover in a certain state in the United States. For awhile they sat stunned. Then someone called for a vote. Should the school be closed? Should the school remain open? That was the issue.

Wenzel Schmiedler counted the votes. By a big majority the school won out. And Peter Hohn would not have to bear the burden of the whole expense either. Tongues were wagging fast. Plans were being made for an equal distribution of the cost. And all seemed happy. The only unhappy ones were the Schmitzes, Amos Schultz and, in some small way, Wenzel, the church trustee.

This all happened fifteen, twenty years ago. Peter Hohn now has a son a priest and a daughter a nun. The other children have all married and two of them have taken over the farm. At last it is prospering; but not to the point of making its owners rich. The children have learned well the lesson from the father—that not even a farm is the end and purpose of life.

Wenzel Schmiedler is dead. Strangely enough, he died without a priest. It just so happened that when he got his attack the priest was not at home. When finally Father Summer arrived, it was too late. Wenzel was dead. And the Schmitzes? Readers, let them rest in peace. They died in the poor house. Something happened to their investments and they lost every penny that they had. Pray for them, I beg of you. And for Amos Schultz too, Amos had another fight with the priest. It drove him from the church entirely. He died without any sign of repentance. Some say he killed himself. At any rate he was not buried on the family plot. A minister conducted the final services.

And the school in the parish of Town Hoover still goes on. This year there are over fifty children in attendance.

Want to go Back?

David Goldstein in his Boston Pilot column quotes the following excerpt from a speech by Daniel J. Tobin, president of the Teamsters' Union:

"When I drove a team of horses we got docked on Labor Day. We had to go to the stable on Labor Day morning and clean the stalls, grease our trucks or wagons, yes, sometimes fix buckles and straps on the harness so as to get ready to start at 6:30 next morning. We got nothing for it but abuse. This was before we organized in 1900-1901. Now you are paid (holiday pay), your trucks are greased and oiled for you, and you don't do a thing but enjoy yourselves on Labor day. And your union and mine gets more pay for you for loafing on Labor Day than I got for a week's work of 66 hours on the street and two hours on Sunday in the stable."

Too Close to the Throne

From the Brooklyn Eagle via the Crown Heights Comment comes the following incident featuring the young Catholic first-baseman of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Gil Hodges.

After the final series between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Dodgers, the Brooklyn team took a plane to get back home for the next set of games. It happened to be Friday, and when big steaks were served for dinner on the plane, Hodges looked at them apprehensively.

"It's O. K., Gil," one of his teammates said. "That's all they're serving."

"How high are we flying?" the first baseman asked. "Oh, about 20,000 feet."

"That's too near to headquarters," said Gil, pushing away the meat. "Bring me a double order of fruit salad."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Mother-in-Law Problem

Problem: My husband is determined to bring his mother, who is not without ample means to provide for herself, into our home. This upsets me terribly because for several years now he has been consulting his mother's wishes far more than mine. He is a good Christian man, and what makes it hard for me is the fact that he considers it his Christian duty to take care of his mother, even though she is able to take care of herself. But the fact that he always takes her side against me, and that she makes me nervous by trying to take over my work, will make life almost unbearable for me if she comes to live with us. Besides, our home is small, and we are crowded as it is. Am I entirely wrong and unChristian in opposing my husband's plan?

Solution: We have repeatedly stated in this column that married people should, if it be at all possible, live apart from all their in-laws. Sometimes this cannot be done either because the married couple can find no home of their own, or because an in-law is homeless and helpless unless taken in. But if a mother or father have means and a home of their own, it is not good to bring one or both of them into the home of one of their children. In few cases has it ever been done without causing trouble.

That is the general principle and the counsel of wide experience. In particular cases, compromises must be made because of human weakness. In your case, I see two possible weaknesses that complicate your problem. One is your husband's: if it be true that he consistently pays more attention to his mother than to you, then he has forgotten the command of God: "Wherefore a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." He may have a "mother's-apron-strings-complex", and if this is very deep-seated, you are the one who will have to compromise because of his weakness.

The other weakness is yours: you may have been guilty of manifesting antipathy and jealousy toward your mother-in-law that led to the rift between your husband and yourself. In the beginning you may have shown resentment for ordinary little kindnesses he did for his mother and thereby placed him on the defensive against you. Since the situation is now so complicated, here is what you should do: 1) You may express your objections to having your mother-in-law live in your home, on the general grounds given above. 2) You must avoid unkindness toward her either in her presence or absence and above all in your husband's presence. 3) If, contrary to the dictates of prudence and experience, he insists on bringing his mother into your home, then you must practice so courageous a patience and kindness that your very goodness will win your husband's complete love again.

Counting Heads in a Convent

Census-takers sometimes learn much more than the data their government forms call for. This one even had to go back for more.

L. G. Miller

THERE IS a certain small town in one of our midwestern states which numbers among its residents a group of women who never once since they entered it have set foot outside their home. Their residence, which is situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the parish church, is quite a spacious one, for there are about a dozen of these women, and the room of their home in which they spend most of their waking hours is a chapel.

As our Catholic readers probably have guessed, the women we refer to are members of a very strict contemplative order. Some are young and some are old, but all are dedicated to a life of continual praise of God and prayer and penance for the sins of the world.

To the door of this convent a few months ago came a young lady, Miss Myra Millsap by name, bearing under her arm a sheaf of papers in a large looseleaf folder. Her heart was pounding within her as she climbed the long flight of steps leading to the convent entrance. Only the strictest sense of duty could have brought her to the place, for Miss Millsap was a staunch Protestant, and had been raised in a highly anti-Catholic environment. This was her very first visit to a convent of any kind.

She had heard all sorts of stories about convents, to the effect that secret compartments and hidden trap doors abounded therein, along with dungeons in which were immured dozens of innocent and despairing victims. But Miss Millsap, although frightened, was not deterred from her duty. Being an official

representative of the census department gave her great courage.

"Why, they won't dare attempt any bodily harm to me," she said to herself. "If they were to kidnap me, the FBI would be after them in a minute. However, I intend to be on my guard against trickery of any kind, and I will keep my eyes open and see what I can see."

Such thoughts coursed through Miss Millsap's mind as she pressed the convent doorbell and stood waiting at the door.

Having braced herself for a dreadful apparition of some kind, Miss Millsap was taken aback and even a little disappointed when the door was opened and she saw standing before her a very aged, very wrinkled, and very tiny little nun, who greeted her with a toothless smile which seemed entirely innocent and free from guile.

"Good morning, madam," said Miss Millsap (who had been brought up in the strange Protestant belief that to give priests and sisters their right title was to be guilty of a vague, but heinous offense against religion).

"Good morning," said the aged sister, nodding her head vigorously and smiling even more toothlessly than before.

"I represent the Census Department," said Miss Millsap, "and I would like to ask you a few questions, if I may."

"Come in, come in," said the aged sister, opening the door more widely.

Miss Millsap clutched her census forms more tightly under her arm, and stepped gingerly after the aged sister into a tiny parlor.

"Won't you please be seated," said the aged sister. "I'll call Mother."

"Well now," Miss Millsap thought to herself, "who would have thought that her mother was still living. Is this a trick already?" But she said nothing aloud, and nodding her head, sat down in one of the stiff parlor chairs as the aged sister withdrew.

There was not much in the parlor itself to disturb her as she looked curiously around. A table in the center of the room with a rather depressing green cloth, a potted fern in one corner, some chairs—all forbiddingly straight like the one she was occupying, and on the walls a few religious pictures. One of these pictures was of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Miss Millsap was frowning upon this clear evidence of mariolatry when the inside door opened and another sister came into the room.

"How do you do," she said to Miss Millsap. "I'm Mother Euphemia. You wished to speak to me?"

She was a tall nun, with grave features and wonderfully blue and piercing eyes, and she had a gentle and a peaceful smile. Miss Millsap was taken completely off guard, and forgot her previous training in regard to titles altogether.

"Yes, Mother," she said. "I'm taking up the census in this neighborhood, and I am here to collect some data, if you are willing to give it to me."

"Oh yes, the census," said the sister. "Someone informed us that the census was being taken. Won't you sit down?"

Miss Millsap, who had risen from her chair when the sister came in, sat down again and opened her census book to a fresh form.

"You said your name was Mother— I didn't quite get the rest of it."

"Mother Euphemia. Would you like me to spell it out for you?" "Please do."

The sister gravely pronounced the letters making up her name. Then it was her turn to be surprised.

"Now then, Mother," said Miss Mill-sap, "could I have your first name?"

"My first name? But I have given you my first name. I am Mother Euphemia."

"Pardon me," said the girl, blushing a little, "er—if that is your first name, what is your last name?"

The sister looked doubtful.

"If you want my full name in religion," she said, "it is Mother Euphemia of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary."

Miss Millsap sat rigid, with her pen poised above the paper.

"Then again, I also had another name in the world before I became a sister. In the world I was Mary Agnes Flaherty."

Miss Millsap looked despairingly at the census form before her. There was a comparatively small space allotted for "name." But being a very conscientious young person, she painstakingly filled in this blank space, ran past it and between two printed lines and all the way to the opposite margin, listing all the names given to her as follows:

"Mother Euphemia of the seven sorrows of the virgin Mary Mary Agnes Flahertv."

The nun watched this operation with grave amusement.

"You'll want the names of the other sisters too, of course."

"The other sisters?" faltered Miss Millsap. "Oh yes, of course. How many of them are there?"

"Twelve."

"And they all have names as long as yours?"

"Oh yes. Some of them even longer. My assistant is called Sister Emerentia of the Holy House of Loretto." Miss Millsap looked with dismay at her census form. This was a complication unforeseen by the census authorities in Washington. By the time she listed all these names, there would be no room left for any other data at all.

"Why don't you skip part of the name?" Mother Euphemia said. "When we enter religion, we put aside our family name. There is no reason why the census department can't forget about it too."

"Do you think that would be all right?"

"I'm sure it would. You just write down these names as I give them to you. I'll spell them out to make it easier:

Sister Clare Sister Theodosia
Sister Emerentia Sister Alicia
Sister Julitta Sister Rosetta
Sister Francisca Sister Digna
Sister Agatha Sister Epiphania
Sister Tarcisia

Miss Millsap laboriously transcribed this information, and each time she wrote the word "sister" she made a mental disclaimer of cooperation in Romish superstition. However, she found herself liking Mother Euphemia, and it was becoming a little difficult to support her inward suspicions.

"Fine," said Miss Millsap. "Now, the next question on the form to be answered is this: Are you married?"

"Heavens, no, child. What gave you that idea?"

Miss Millsap blushed again in some confusion.

"It's one of the questions on the form," she said. "I didn't think you were, but I had to ask it anyway."

"You don't know much about sisters, do you, child?" Mother Euphemia said gently.

Miss Millsap, being a very mature

young lady, would have resented it very much if anyone else had called her "child", but coming from this pleasantfaced and maternal nun it seemed very natural indeed.

"No, I don't. In fact, I have never even talked to one before." Miss Millsap hesitated, then went on with a sudden burst of courage: "I've been taught to be very suspicious of nuns. For instance, one thing I don't understand is why don't you get married? Do your parents lock you up in the convent when you are young?"

"Does it look as if I am a prisoner and locked up?"

"Well, no."

"Did the sister who met you at the door seem to be a prisoner?"

"No, she didn't seem to be."

"Believe me, child, we are here because we want to be here. And we don't get married because we want to make a full-time job of loving God."

"But what do you do all day behind these walls?"

"We do a great deal of praying and some sewing."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough? If God made us and redeemed us, is there anything in life more important than staying close to Him by prayer?"

"I suppose not, when you put it that way. But isn't that an awfully monotonous life? Do you like it here?"

"I would not change places with anyone in the world. And I am certain that every sister here would say the same."

Miss Millsap was silent, digesting this information.

"Are you asking these questions," the sister said, "as a census-taker or as an honest inquirer?"

"Pardon me, Sister," said Miss Millsap. "I'm afraid I have been far more personal in my questions than a good census-taker should be. You don't mind,

The Liguorian

do you?"

"Not at all."

"I have some more questions to ask—both official and otherwise—but I'm going to ask you if I may come back tomorrow."

"Certainly you may."

As Miss Millsap hurried down the long flight of steps leading away from the convent, could she have made out the form and features of her guardian angel close beside her, she would have been surprised to see him smile.

Sleep Facts

A recent book entitled "How to Sleep", by Dr. James Bender, sets down some interesting conclusions on the difference between the sexes in regard to habits of slumber. Here are some of them:

There are three men snorers for every woman who snores.

Women seek the edge of the bed and do more curling up than men, who like to stretch out while sleeping.

Insomnia claims more victims among women than among men.

Women do much more dreaming than men, and are inclined to be more superstitious about their dreams.

Women may talk more than men during waking hours, but in slumber the situation is reversed, and men are the greatest talkers. What men say in their sleep, however, the doctor hurriedly points out, should not be held against them by their wives, as it is by no means an index of real or contemplated unfaithfulness.

Women need almost an hour more sleep than men every night in order to preserve their health and keep their beauty. From this the doctor concludes (we hesitate to print this) that it should always be the husband who gets up in the middle of the night to tend to a crying baby.

Music, Music, Music

From CIP comes the following intriguing information, picked up from a recent issue of Pravda, official organ in Moscow of the Communist Party.

At the recent Congress of Soviet Music in Moscow prizes were awarded for music written specially for the occasion. First prize went to Dmitri Shostakovich for his symphony on the Soviet Union's reforestation plan. That wasn't so bad, but take a look at some of the other musical selections submitted to the contest judges:

A symphony by one Alexandrov entitled "Glory to Stalin."

"Let Us All Thank Stalin", a symphony by Klenitzkis.

"Our Hearts Sing to Stalin", a symphony by Kruskin.

"Sailors Meet Stalin", a composition by Soloviev.

A selection called "Dreaming of Stalin" by Isvolsky.



Three Minute Instruction

Excuses from Sunday Mass

All Catholics are bound under pain of mortal sin to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays of obligation. By this precept the Catholic Church makes specific the third commandment of God. Since it is a positive law, however, serious reasons may excuse one from fulfilling it on occasion. The chief reasons that excuse one from

Sunday Mass come under the following heads:

1. Reasons of health. If one is sick in bed there is no obligation to go to Mass on Sunday. If one has orders from a doctor not to leave his home, he commits no sin by missing Mass. Pregnant women who are delicate, sickly or ordered to avoid exertion are excused from Sunday Mass. In general, it can be said that if prudence suggests that it would be harmful or truly dangerous to health to go to Mass on a given Sunday, a person is excused.

2. Reasons of work. If a person's job, i.e., his regular means of livelihood, keeps him officially occupied during all the hours of the Sunday Masses, he is excused from attending. However, if a person can get to early Mass before work, or to a late Mass after finishing his work, then he is bound to do so unless there be some other serious obstacle. Housewives may not use it as an excuse that they have to prepare dinner for their families on Sunday. They can go to an early Mass, or postpone dinner as long as necessary for them to get to Mass.

3. Reasons of charity. If one is taking care of a very sick person, or a very small child, and no substitute can be brought in, this work would constitute an excuse from Sunday Mass. Trained nurses on continuous duty, or called suddenly to take care of the dangerously ill or dying, are excused from Mass. In times of calamity or tragedy, those who are busy caring for the victims of catastrophe are freed from the obligation of Mass.

obligation of Mass.

4. Reasons of pleasure. Ordinarily, vacations, pleasure trips, hunting and fishing expeditions, do not excuse a person from Sunday Mass. On a rare occasion, when one has only one chance in a year to take a vacation, and then only one way of vacationing which happens to make Sunday Mass impossible, this could constitute a valid excuse. (It is good to ask a confessor about this beforehand.) Hunters and fishermen who several times a year go out early for pleasure and miss Sunday Mass are guilty of serious sin each time.

Those who have a serious reason for not attending Mass on a given Sunday commit no sin and are under no obligation to mention the fact in their confession.

Faith Without Fear

Modern times have produced no greater example of religious convictions unfalteringly lived up to in a most difficult profession than in the life story of this man.

H. J. O'Connell

"GENTLEMEN, in view of my position as a Christian, I am compelled to refuse all participation in the execution of the governmental decrees against religious orders. I must, therefore, ask to be relieved of my command. Before arriving at so serious a determination, I have prepared myself for all consequences, even for a summons before a Court Martial."

It was in a dark time for France that General Gaston de Sonis, hero of 1870, wrote these words to the Ministry of War. Only ten years before, the disciplined forces of Prussia had crushed an ill-prepared French army in a brief but bloody campaign. The ravages of war were still upon the land; but the anticlerical government had not learned its lesson. A cruel and unjust decree for the expulsion of religious, many of whom wore decorations for bravery in defense of their country, had been issued, and its execution in certain places was confided to the military. Some officers were glad of the chance to plunder those whom they contemptuously called "clericals"; others disliked the task, but obeyed in order to save their hard-earned commissions. However. Gaston de Sonis was a man of a different stamp. All his life, he had stood up for his Christian principles without fear of man. Now, especially in his position as a General, he felt that he could not retreat.

It was not an easy decision that confronted him. The only trade he knew was soldiering. Since his entrance in early youth into the French army, he had risen step by step, as a result of his military skill, his administrative ability, his qualities of leadership, and his unquestioned personal integrity, to the rank of General. Four times, for deeds of extraordinary heroism, he had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest tribute a soldier of France could receive. His heart was in the army, with the men of his command, whom he loved, and who loved and admired him, not only as a just and able officer, but as a father and a friend.

All this he must relinquish, if he stood against the governmental decrees. Besides, he was a poor man, with no income save his salary, and a large family dependent on him. Advanced in years, with one leg shot away in the Prussian war, there seemed little prospect for him outside his military career. Faced with this difficult decision, he did not hesitate. "We must always be ready," he wrote at this time to his daughter, "to die as confessors of the faith. We do not know when the persecution will cease; and we must not refuse our blood if this sacrifice be needed to wash away the sins which have drawn down the anger of God on our unhappy country . . . God will give us all the grace to bear bravely the trials which await us. It is a great consolation to remember that nothing happens without His permission." Unhesitatingly, he turned his back on the dictates of merely human prudence, and sent in his resignation, whatever might be the consequences.

It is not all at once that one arrives at fortitude such as this. A man's character is built step by step, by the faithful adherence to principle in little things as well as great. Tracing the career of General de Sonis, it is not difficult to discern how, in the hour of severest trial, he had the strength of soul to remain faithful to his convictions without human respect, consideration of worldly advantage, or recoil from the sacrifice entailed.

"I have put the head of my ship to the good God," he once said, "and whatever winds blow, favorable or contrary, I make for that port." Indeed, during a career of forty years in the French army where, as he said, "the friends of God were not welcome", throughout twenty years of campaigns in North Africa against the Arabs, and the battles of two European wars, while struggling to raise a family of twelve children, this man led a spiritual life of such intensity and fervor that it would put a monk to shame.

His was no sentimental piety; deep in his soul were those strong convictions, born of serious meditation, that alone make for solid virtue. Each morning, even while on campaign, his first act was to kneel and make his mental prayer from some spiritual book, such as the Imitation of Christ. Whenever possible, he would get to Mass and Holy Communion. Frequently, he stole away at night to spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament. The whole orientation of his life was, in fact, toward God.

"The longer I live," he once wrote, "the more I see that everything in this world is vanity." Describing a terrible campaign in the Sahara, he said in a letter to a friend: "We have literally marched day after day over human

remains. One day we had to bury one hundred and fifty of our poor fellows, massacred by the Arabs. Amongst them were some of the officers and men of my own regiment, and I discovered among others all that remained of a smart young officer which had not been devoured by the jackals. I saw this body which had been the object of minute care. But his soul-what had become of it? Yes, we are souls, and it is of them we have to think . . . This morning, the third Sunday in Advent, I was reading Mass in my tent, and I found in the Gospel these words addressed to the great Precursor: 'Who art thou?' I could not help addressing these words to myself, and going back to the days of my childhood and youth, until now always preserved and guided by the good God. What am I to have been the object of so many graces? to have been preserved from so many dangers? to have been raised up after so many falls? What are we all, in fact, but souls bought at the price of the Blood of God? We are not only dust and ashes: we are something grander-for we are immortal souls!"

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The love of God and resignation to His Holy Will were for him the guiding motives of every thought and action. "When one begins to love God," he declared, "he feels that he can never do it enough." Another time he made known this secret: "I know that God has led me by the hand through many dangers; but before running such risks, I had promised my Divine Master that, aided by His grace, I would never refuse Him anything. It does not become me to praise myself; but I feel that one cannot bargain with God."

That he remained faithful to this resolution is clear, not only from his own words, written in confidential outpourings of his heart to his family and intimate friends, but also from the testi-

mony of all who came in contact with him. The great Cardinal Lavigerie, for example, testified: "I knew, loved, and admired our holy General de Sonis. Whenever he came to Algiers, we saw one another intimately. He shared all my views as to a mission to the natives. and encouraged my hopes in every way." The Curé of Marboué likewise declared: "I seem still to see that man. that noble Christian soldier, who for eight days lived under my roof. The remembrance of him fills my whole heart! . . . I could fill pages with the description of his virtues, of his fervent faith, of his night-prayers, to which he invited several of his officers, of his frequent confessions, of his daily Communions received at dawn by the light of smoky lamps under the eves of his soldiers, who had slept in the Church: then after his Communion, his short earnest words of exhortation to his comrades, encouraging them to piety and patriotism, which touched them so much!"

Gen. de Sonis' piety was not confined in his own soul, but, as is the case with all true holiness, overflowed in acts of charity and zeal toward others. His first solicitude was for his wife's spiritual welfare. "My husband," she said, "was always encouraging me to advance towards perfection, for he loved my soul more than anything in the world. He used to say that the more we loved Our Lord, the more lasting would be our own affection for each other: and that the reason why so many marriages did not go on being happy was that in such cases God was not the great link and center. I felt he was right, and admired him more and more, while I strove to follow him-but at a great distance!"

The charity of de Sonis' heart flowed out upon his children, to whom he was a kind and loving, but not over-indul-

gent father; upon the poor, for whose relief he gave his time and labor, and what money his own poverty allowed: upon the sick, the wounded, and even the plague-stricken, whom he nursed without a thought of rest or safety for himself. To the young, he was a trusted adviser; to the sinner, a God-given means of conversion: to the good, a spur to greater generosity and fervor. In fact, his example leavened the whole army in which he served. The Curé of Saida said of him: "The arrival of M. de Sonis and his family was the religious resurrection of my parish. He came to see me at once, and never missed daily Mass. He wished to go to Communion every time; but I, knowing the scornful and bad tone of the garrison by bitter experience, advised him to communicate only two or three times a week. I have always regretted this since, not only for having deprived this noble soul of more frequent Eucharistic joys, but also for having robbed the Sacred Heart of Iesus of more intimate union with one who was more holy than any soul I have ever known. It was a great joy to me when, following the example of the Commandant and all his family. I saw the soldiers and the colonists with their wives once more find their way to the church, which they very soon filled to overflowing. The presence of M. de Sonis was better than a mission!"

Great as were his other virtues, perhaps the outstanding trait of this admirable man was his utter contempt, all his life long, for human opinion when it would lead him away from God, or from the fulfilment of his duty. While he was at St. Cyr, the training school for French officers, though believing Catholics were rare, and those who practiced their religion were rarer still, de Sonis never slackened in his religious fervor. No chaplain was provided to

hear the confessions of the cadets; but Gaston would go out, whenever he had the chance, to receive the sacraments.

When he was a young lieutenant, he was asked by some of his fellow officers to join the freemasons. Thinking that the society was purely philanthropic, as it had been represented to him, and not knowing it was forbidden or anti-Catholic, he consented to be enrolled. However, when he attended his first masonic dinner, his eyes were opened. The speakers, one by one, attacked Catholicism, its mysteries, its priests. They spoke of the end of "superstition," of the emancipation of thought, of the religion of the future. De Sonis was not the man to remain silent in such circumstances. Leaping up from his place, he cried out with blazing eves: "Gentlemen, into what a trap you have led me! I was told that you respected religion, and you insult it! You have betrayed your promises. I am released from mine. You will never see me again. Good night!" With an emphatic gesture, he threw down his napkin, and stalked out of the room.

Another time, he was standing with several companions in the officers' mess. when he heard the sound of a little bell. similar to that which announced that the Blessed Sacrament was being carried to the sick. For a moment, he experienced an interior struggle. Should he remain standing like the others, or kneel down and perhaps meet with ridicule? But then the thought came to him: "If this were the Emperor, or even the General passing by, would not everyone salute him? But this is my God!" Determined to kneel, he went to the window and looked out. To his surprise, he saw there only a peddler's cart, with a little bell to attract customers. "Well, I hope the Lord was satisfied with my good will," he remarked later on, telling the story as a joke upon himself.

As he grew in years and achieved positions of greater responsibility, his inflexible adherence to principle often placed him in very difficult circumstances: but he always emerged with his conscience untarnished. Thus, in 1865, when the Emperor, Napoleon III, visited North Africa, he asked for an officer who knew the country and the people thoroughly to be attached to his personal bodyguard. The post was offered to de Sonis. It was an incomparable chance of personal advancement. However, he refused, explaining that his political views and the attitude of the Emperor toward the Holy See at the time would not permit him to appear as part of the royal escort. Writing of this affair, he declared: "I feel that I have been faithful to my God, to my princes, and to the Church. Every day I feel a stronger love for the Church, and the hatred which her cruel enemies bear towards her at this moment only strengthens and deepens my affection."

Years later, after the establishment of the French Republic, M. Thiers, the President, once sent for de Sonis to discuss with him an important matter. Afterwards, lunch was announced. It was a Friday in Lent; but abstinence food was not served. Many a Catholic would have considered himself excused under the circumstances. De Sonis, however, though he said nothing, would not touch the forbidden food. The President began to press him to eat; but then, guessing the reason for his refusal, hastily ordered abstinence food for his distinguished guest.

As an old man, though he had a wooden leg which caused great pain when he walked upon it, he marched the whole length of the Corpus Christi procession. Someone asked him if he did not fear to compromise himself by such an external profession of his religion. "Compromise myself!" he ex-

claimed, "thank God, it's a long time ago that this was done!"

With such a life-long record of unflinching adherence to duty, and fearless contempt of human opinion, it is not surprising that de Sonis was ready when the supreme test came. As was mentioned, when the governmental decree against religious orders was issued, the General was placed in a most difficult position. His conscience would not allow him to execute the order. But to refuse to do so meant possible Court Martial, and at the very least, resignation from the army, leaving him penniless, with no prospect of supporting his large family. He did not, however, hesitate. Resolutely, with ringing words, he handed in his resignation. It was accepted, although unwillingly, by the government, and de Sonis found himself, after forty years, outside the army which he loved.

As he trusted, God's Providence did not desert him. To the end of his days, there was bread on the table for his children, and clothing upon their backs. Finally, Our Lady, on her own great feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1887, came to take him to the reward he had deserved so well. Behind him, he left a name of untarnished honor, and an example of fearless profession of faith which Catholics, both in public and private life, might well imitate today.

In Behalf of Children

Parents and those in charge of children would do well to ponder a statement recently issued by the New York Youth Commission. The statement contains a "Children's Bill of Rights", as follows:

 The right to the affection and intelligent guidance of understanding parents.

2. The right to be raised in a decent home in which he or she is adequately fed, clothed and sheltered.

3. The right to the benefits of religious guidance and training.

4. The right to a school program which, in addition to sound academic training, offers maximum opportunity for individual development.

5. The right to receive constructive discipline for the proper development of good character, conduct and habits.

The right to be secure in his or her community against all influences detrimental to wholesome development.

7. The right to individual selection of free and wholesome recreation.

8. The right to live in a community in which adults practice the belief that the welfare of their children is of primary importance.

9. The right to receive adult good example.

10. The right to a job commensurate with his or her ability, training and experience, and protection against physical or moral employment hazards which adversely affect wholesome development.

11. The right to early diagnosis and treatment of physical handicaps and mental and social maladjustments at public expense, whenever necessary.

To which we might add this conclusion: Those in charge of children who, by deliberately failing in their responsibilities, transgress these rights, will have a frightening account to render to the God Who said: "Suffer the little children to come to Me."

For Non-Catholics Only

On Tolerance

F. M. Louis

Question: Is it not intolerant on the part of the Catholic Church to forbid its own people to attend services in a Protestant Church, while at the same time it urges them to invite non-Catholics to attend Catholic services? If I, as a Protestant, accept an invitation from a Catholic to go to a Catholic Church on Sunday, I feel that is is only fair that my Catholic friend should be permitted to attend my church with me on another Sunday.

Answer: It is an obligation of every human being to be true to his convictions of what is right and wrong in matters of religion. In the above question, the Catholic who does not accept an invitation to attend Protestant church services is being true to his convictions about religion. At the same time he is not asking a non-Catholic to be false to the principles of his religion if he urges him to attend Catholic services. That is because the principles underlying the Catholic religion and those that Protestants uphold are entirely different.

The Catholic Church rests on the principles that there can be only one true religion; that this one true religion can be known and understood as such by the human mind; that it possesses full authority to direct people towards heaven; that once it is known and understood, one may not in conscience act as if it were not the one true religion (for example, by attending the services of another religious sect). It is not merely a law of the Catholic Church that Catholics may not attend Protestant services; it is a reasonable conclusion that every informed Catholic draws from his own understanding of true religion.

The Protestant churches rest on the principles that every man has a right to use his own private judgment in matters of religion; that there is no authority in his church or in any other church that can bind him in a religious way; that he may go to the churches of different religious organizations without doing wrong, because he is free to decide on the meaning of religion for himself. According to these principles, which are basic to all Protestantism, a Protestant does no wrong by attending Catholic services; he is merely using his Protestant principle of private judgment in so doing. Thus it cannot be wrong for a Catholic to ask him to carry his principles into action. At the same time it would be contrary to a Catholic's principles and conscience to attend any but Catholic services.

The "Priest Factory"

Some of the inside facts about life at a preparatory seminary for the Catholic priesthood. Questions often asked about this little known phase of Catholic life are answered.

D. J. Corrigan

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO a priest alighted from a street car on Geyer Road, Kirkwood, Missouri, and gazed somewhat uncertainly up and down the street. Along the dusty road (it wasn't paved in those days) came a little colored boy, and the clergyman decided to ask the lad for directions.

"Can you tell me where I can find

St. Joseph's College?"

"St. Joseph's College?" The boy scratched his head. "Oh, you mean the priest factory. It's right down there."

After more than sixty years this "priest factory" is still going strong. And during all that lengthy span it has been sending its annual quota of graduates to a novitiate, which in turn has produced all the Redemptorist missionaries in the St. Louis Province. But of late the "factory" has been showing the ills of age: foundations have shifted. walls have cracked, rooms are much too small-until it has become apparent to all that soon a larger, more efficient St. Joseph's Preparatory Seminary must be erected. To this end the Redemptorist Fathers have started a building fund, and while some progress has been made on this, it is far too inadequate to permit actual plans to be drawn up for the present.

Naturally this building project is of great concern to the priests who form the staff of professors at St. Joseph's College. Recently at table one of them remarked:

"I had a dream last night, in which a wealthy man donated one million dollars to help us put up a new seminary." At the head of the table the Rector looked at him quizzically and dryly observed:

"Why, Father, you are worth more

asleep than awake."

But while the once beautiful building has grown shabby with age, the laughter and song of the students is as hale and hearty as ever. At the time of this writing (May) the scholastic year is on its final lap: after June 20th, the students will disperse to their cities and homes, for a well earned rest and visit with their fathers and mothers. brothers and sisters. And fathers and mothers after a year's time, will find some changes in their boys: bodies that are too big for their clothes, minds that have grown a bit more mature, but hearts that keep the same old devotion and affection as of yore. With a year of strict discipline and exacting study behind, vacation with its carefree days and reunion with family and friends looms as a happy interlude in the life of a student. Indicative, however, of the high purpose of these boys in pursuing their vocation is the fact that after the two months' holiday is over, they are usually eager to get back to their books and the regular order of the seminary.

Last September St. Joseph's began its school work with 145 students distributed through six classes. At present, near the end of the scholastic year, there are still 138 following the quest of the priesthood. This means that only seven students have departed. Of the seven, one left for reasons of health, while another transferred to a diocesan seminary. That means that only five decided of their own free choice that their vocation was elsewhere—an extremely small percentage for losses in any preparatory school for the priesthood.

Of the 35 new boys who enrolled last September in the lowest class, there are still 35 present. This represents a record for St. Joseph's College, and probably for any preparatory seminary, in as much as homesickness and other causes usually decimate each beginners' class by at least twenty percent. There is a suspicion in the minds of some of the officials of the college that this good record may be due to the fact that for the first time in its long history St. Joseph's has among its students a Negro boy, who has made good in his studies and has been from the start very popular with his companions both of the north and south.

Although a certain number of older students, with varying degrees of education, arrive each year and are assigned to the upper classes, most new boys come after their eighth grade and begin in what is called the "First Academic." "But how do they know at that age that they have a vocation?" is frequently asked. The simple answer is: "They cannot be sure, but they have the desire, and they have come to test it." Before admittance the new applicants are examined and sifted according to scholastic, physical and moral standards, and only those that qualify are accepted. This does not mean that a boy who wishes to be a Redemptorist has to be a mental genius, or a corporal giant, or an accomplished saint, before making his application, for experience has proved that very often average abilities, united with a willing spirit, form the best material for future priests. Then during the six years at St. Joseph's both the student himself and his superiors will learn whether he has the health, talent and moral promise, united with good will and other qualities, to warrant his proceeding on to the Redemptorist community life and missionary priesthood. Between the first year of study and ordination, thirteen years later, there are many pitfalls that usually eliminate at least two-thirds of the youngsters who start out on the arduous road to the priesthood.

"But isn't it better for a boy to wait until he has finished high school before entering a seminary?" The answer to this question, with a few exceptions, is an unqualified no. As a rule, seminary professors are more thorough and exacting with their students, and boys who spend a few years in high school before entering must often step down a peg in classes, unless their previous training has been exceptionally proficient in the humanities or classical studies. For the boy who leaves the seminary, usually there is no handicap to pursuing a vocation in a different field, because of the solid grounding that he has received in fundamentals. Aside from studies, more important still is the moral and ascetical training that a minor seminary affords a candidate for the religious life and orders: the order of the day at St. Joseph's is really a miniature Redemptorist Rule, and its graduates ordinarily have little or no difficulty in slipping into the full Redemptorist practice and spirit of the novitiate.

Another question frequently asked: "Do the students pay their way?" The answer is yes, in the minor seminary, when they are able. In the novitiate and major seminary, since they are then potential or actual members of the Order, the Redemptorist Fathers provide funds for their maintenance. At St. Joseph's College the price for board

and tuition, \$250.00 per year, is comparatively small, especially in these days of inflated currency: in fact, it is not adequate to furnish the many services, in addition to bed and food, with which the college supplies its students, such as laundry, mending, library, and to a large extent medicine and athletics. Consequently, it is helpful to the institution and also to the spirit of the boys when parents or others can provide this stipend, but in deserving cases even this payment is graduated downwards, in accordance with parental ability. At St. Joseph's as at other seminaries, it is axiomatic that no deserving boy who gives good promise of a vocation, is ever refused admittance because he is poor and cannot pay his way.

In September each year the students turn in their pocket money and watches; locate the place assigned to them in study hall, dining room and dormitory; unpack their clothes and put them in their own steel lockers, and get a multitude of other little things in order for the new scholastic year. Possibly their first few days are tinged with a bit of homesickness for the folks back home -they wouldn't be very human fellows otherwise-but they, as well as their superiors, know that the best remedy for that is to get down to work as soon as possible. They agree to give up the reading of newspapers and secular magazines, the opportunity to write or receive letters without inspection, freedom to roam out of bounds except for group walks with permission: in general, they are willing to sacrifice their liberty to do just as they please at many given moments and occasions. Instead, they are usually wholeheartedly prompt to buckle down to a strict but not too rigorous order of the day that begins at 5:20 A.M. and lasts till nine in the evening. With exceptions on their free days, Thursdays and Sunday

afternoon, this schedule begins with meditation, Mass and Holy Communion, and then is interspersed with a pleasing though effective mixture of study hall, class, recreation and prayer, not to forget the three hearty meals each day. People sometimes ask: "But can American boys, who love their liberty, really be happy under such a restricted program as this?"

Any parent who has the opportunity to visit St. Joseph's and see the boys in action, would never ask that question a second time. If the program is strict, it must be remembered that these lads come to the seminary with a determined purpose to fit themselves for a religious and priestly life, and they are usually very generous about sacrificing worldly amusements and freedoms. But aside from that, I strongly suspect that there is no group of boys in the world that have more fun than seminary students. Though they come from different nationalities, homes and localities, they very soon learn to respect and love each other. They have to be rather hardy fellows, and for most of them a baseball, football or basketball is all they need for perfect contentment on a free day. St. Joseph's provides a fine gymnasium, swimming pool, hand ball and tennis courts, ball fields, to keep its students busy in hours away from the chapel and classroom. Then there are many other extra-curricular activities: music, dramatics, the college paper, the reading room, the semi-monthly movie, to keep life from becoming dull. As a result, there are few alumni of St. Joseph's whether they be Redemptorist Fathers or men in other pursuits in the world, who do not look back upon their Kirkwood days as among the happiest of their boyhood.

Naturally the college has had a large number of students who came to study

for the priesthood and later left to take up some other vocation. Time was when some misguided people looked askance on a student who had left the seminary, but common sense nowadays has taken the place of wishful thinking and most people are fully aware that a boy is all the better for having tried out the life, although he found later that the priesthood was not his calling. Most of the lay graduates of St. Joseph's have done very well in the world; in fact, it is surprising how many of them later send back their sons, who go on to ordination. As a rule, when they write back, they are very grateful for the education and training they received at St. Joseph's.

During the war there was hardly an ex-student in service who did not drop by, when opportunity offered, to see the old halls and possibly a former professor, or to pay a visit to the chapel. One boy sent a letter from the battlefields of Europe, begging for a copy of the student Rule, because "it contained prayers that he had never been able to find elsewhere." Another man, twentyfive years out of the seminary, one who had become quite prominent as a char acter actor in Hollywood, recently spent an afternoon at St. Joseph's "where he had had so many unforgettable happy days in his youth."

Of natural concern to the parents who so generously send their sons to the seminary, is the care that these boys receive. "How are they fed?" and, "What is done for them when they are sick?" are the two most frequent questions asked. The kitchen and dining room at St. Joseph's are in charge of the Sisters of Charity, whose service in this regard is so devoted that seldom does a complaint emerge from student lips. True, there is no candy store that the students can go to and there is little or no eating between meals, but

in the main this has probably been a contributing factor to the student body's good health. Ordinary illness is cared for in the college infirmary, directed by a local physician when necessary. When more serious sicknesses or accidents occur, St. Joseph's immediately sends its students to the best hospitals and specialists in the city of St. Louis.

Another question: "Are the boys perfectly free in deciding their own vocations?" Or "Is pressure ever exerted on them to remain in the seminary when they wish to leave?" There is hardly a student in a minor seminary who does not at one time or another feel a doubt about his vocation. His usual course then is to "talk it over" with the rector or one of the professors, who are all priests of the Redemptorist Congregation. While a priest may advise a doubting student to take time and to be deliberate in making his final decision, he could never in conscience or in prudence exert any influence to force a boy to remain at the seminary against his will, for no one knows better than the priest himself (he has been through the mill) that a true vocation to the religious life and priesthood is something to be followed of one's own free will. Both religious vows and the sacrament of Holy Orders could be invalidated by lack of free consent.

"But does a boy know what he is letting himself in for, when he starts studying for the priesthood?" "Not in everything," is the answer. For that matter, neither do a couple know all that is ahead of them, when they embark on marriage. The writer has yet to meet a priest in good standing who regretted his ordination, while he has come into contact with many a lay person who lamented a marriage. A student for the priesthood, however, is going to learn most of what he can

expect in the future before he is finally ordained. Seminary professors have a purposeful way of cooling off a too glamorous view of the priesthood with the cold facts of the difficulties and dangers ahead. Life in the seminary also helps: it's a man's world, and while the boys are kind to each other in all that matters, they also have a rough and tumble way of hewing off the rough edges of companions by their teasing and open criticism. As a result, the seminary student usually learns to stand on his own feet and to know what he wants and what is good for him.

In a way, the student body at St. Joseph's, as in other seminaries, is an example of one of the miracles wrought

by God's grace. One finds bright-eved lads there who could, in most cases, be leaders in other schools, but who with set purpose are not afraid to tackle a long course of training that can lead only to denial for themselves of much that this world holds dear. From big cities and small, from far and near. they come with a high resolve to learn to love God more and to help their fellowmen reach heaven, knowing full well that their future field of labor may be the home or parish missions or the faraway territories of Brazil or Siam. Truly, one cannot work or live with these seminary students without becoming convinced that a vocation is from God.

Anything But Catholic

The St. Vincent de Paul Society, known to Catholics the world over for the charity and genuine piety of its members, operates "stores" in many of our large cities. Into these stores are gathered stacks of cast-off clothes, wornout furniture and numerous other odds and ends. There the poor can secure at a very modest price or at no price at all articles of which they may be very much in need.

A St. Vincent de Paul man was telling us not long ago that into the store in his particular city not long ago there came a middle-aged man.

"I need some clothes very badly," he said to the attendant. From his appearance he was certainly speaking the truth.

The attendant immediately bustled around in search of suitable garments.

"What I need these clothes for," the man vouchsafed in a burst of confidence, "is for church. I want to go to church Sunday, and I haven't anything decent to wear."

"Fine, fine," said the attendant. "Here are some shoes that ought to fit you, and here is a fairly good suit of clothes. Are you in a position to give us anything at all for them?"

"Nope. I haven't got a cent."

"That's all right. Take them and God bless you. By the way, what parish here in town do you belong to?"

The visitor fixed his questioner with a steady eye.

"When I go to church," he said, "I go to any church but the Catholic."

So saying, and without blinking an eyelash, he walked in a very dignified fashion out of the store.



Test of Character (85) L. M. Merrill

Resentment of Church Support

An obvious flaw in the characters of some fairly religious people is that whereby they show resentment every time their priest or minister asks them to contribute money for the upkeep of their church and the service of religion. A far too common type of church-goer today is the one who feels that collections, fund-raising, announcements about financial needs, should have no part in the conduct of religious services.

It is quite true that in some churches the need of money may be imprudently and too frequently stressed. But one who permits such imprudence to turn him against religion, or to make him bitter and uncharitable in speech, is himself guilty of a great fault. He forgets that if he is doing his own duty faithfully the reminders are not meant for him; if he is not, he should be humble enough to realize that if he, and others like him, were doing their part, such frequent announcements about money would not be necessary.

Two vices are evident usually in those who rant a great deal against the effort of their pastors to raise enough money to maintain a parish plant and to expand it. The first is avarice. They don't like to be asked to give up part of their earnings even for the service of God. They would like to have all the spiritual services of religion while making few and small material sacrifices in its behalf. You seldom meet a Christian who is generous with his church who complains that he is asked to give too much to God.

The other vice is envy. It seems to be felt, by those who talk frequently against collections in church, that some human being is profiting by these collections above his just deserts. That is why the talk about money in church usually centers about the material possessions of the pastor, as if he were personally profiting by all the contributions made in the name of religion. The truth may be that most of the nice things that a pastor possesses have been given to him. It is certain that collections taken up in church do not become his. Envy of priests dries up generosity to God in many hearts.

Every Christian has an objective duty to support religion according to his means. Blessed is the man who does his share cheerfully, without avarice or stinginess and without unfounded envy of those who have dedicated their lives to the love of God and the service of their fellow-man.

The Sawdust Trail to God

An analysis of the evangelistic movement, which produces Billy Sundays and Billy Grahams.

L. G. Miller

IN THE little town of Wheaton, Illinois, famous hitherto only as the birthplace of "Red" Grange, an event took place a few months ago which won the community a good measure of publicity in most of the daily papers and news magazines throughout the country.

It was not so much the community itself which was involved. The town is the site of Wheaton College, an institution described as "non-sectarian, but strictly evangelical". On a certain evening a religious meeting of sorts for the faculty and student body was scheduled to be held, and a guest speaker had been engaged.

However, before the speaker could begin his talk, a few students came up to the rostrum, according to the custom in "gospel meetings" and "testified" to their complete conversion to the Lord. This touched off a veritable parade of "testimonies" and public confessions of guilt. Young women and young men alike came forward, and members of the college faculty as well. Hours passed by, and the lines waiting to testify grew instead of diminishing. All through the night, through the following day, and the succeeding night the testimonies continued-38 hours of consecutive and concentrated religious sentiment and feeling.

These happenings at Wheaton College were, of course, only one facet of a movement which in many sections of the country is arousing quite extraordinary enthusiasm. The movement is not something new; rather, it might be termed a new surge of old-time revivalism,

bringing back memories of Billy Sunday and other evangelists of the last generation, who gathered the faithful into halls and tents and whipped them up into an emotional frenzy of religious feeling. Many in their enthusiasm "hit the sawdust trail", to use Billy Sunday's term, which meant walking up the aisle to the front of the assembly and making a public confession or "testimony" to the power of God. Both Catholicism and the more traditional and conservative forms of Protestantism are reprobated by these evangelicals, who look with horror upon all manner of ritual and formal creed.

By common agreement, the greatest of the present day evangelists is Mr. Billy Graham, originally from Minneapolis, but who has lately extended his operations to the country at large. Mr. Graham is by all accounts a most dynamic and forceful speaker, as is proven by the crowds which assemble to hear him. His drawing power is such that he can fill a coliseum or a football stadium with ease, and he is said to exercise a tremendous emotional impact upon his hearers.

Billy Graham began his career as part of a larger movement—the celebrated "Youth for Christ" program. Readers in our larger cities could not have missed seeing this movement advertised. Meetings are held weekly, usually on Saturday night. The whole thing is billed as being "non-denominational", and the program has a strong evangelical tone, in that there is the same insistence on "giving testimony" and "ac-

cepting Christ as Saviour."

Our purpose here is to take a closer look at this modern streamlined revivalism. Have the revivalists actually discovered a new road to heaven which makes obsolete all the traditional trails?

Certainly it can be said at the start that there is much to be admired in the movement as a whole. We by no means wish to impugn the sincerity of many of the revivalists: their enthusiasm in serving God according to their lights puts to shame many members of the older faith. They are to be admired, too, in that they accept in an unqualified sense the divinity of Christ. Theirs is not the anemic, watered-down concept of the Redeemer common today among the Unitarians and among surprising numbers of ministers who occupy the pulpits of respectable Protestant churches.

Accepting the reality of Christ's divinity, they place full value upon His work as Redeemer, with the co-relative truth that mankind needed to be redeemed. Indeed, a sense of the reality of sin, lost to our modern Freudians, is one of the fundamental planks in the teaching of these evangelicals. It should be added, however, that to the impartial observer, their sense of what actually constitutes sin would seem to be somewhat distorted, in that their heaviest ammunition is expended against such activities as dancing, smoking, cardplaying and drinking, as if these activities were always and everywhere evil in themselves.

The point was frequently made by both G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc that every heresy is a half-truth run wild. Just as cancer on the human body is nothing more than ordinary tissue which for some mysterious reason develops a monstrous growth and multiplication of its cells, so it is with heresy. One of the truths of the faith is seized

upon and emphasized out of all proportion to the other parts and organs of Christ's mystical body.

In no other variety of religious thought is this so true as in regard to the so-called evangelical movement. It would probably surprise the revivalists to be told that their teaching reflects a basic Catholic belief, yet it can clearly be shown that such is the case.

One of the central tenets upon which the whole evangelical movement is based is the necessity of "personal conversion" to Christ. Various expressions are used to describe this process of conversion-"accepting Jesus as Saviour", "confessing Christ", "believing in Jesus", and what is meant is not any reasoned out and logical approach to the truths of religion, but quite the contrary. For the revivalists, conversion is an instantaneous thing; the spirit of God breathes upon the "convert" and instantly, in an emotional and mystical outpouring, he "accepts Christ", and in accepting Him is instantly and infallibly "saved." "I am as certain of heaven," we heard one such convert testify, "as if I were already there."

Now our evangelical friends are undoubtedly right in asserting that the individual soul should try to approach as close as possible by the direct route to God. Long before the revivalists began to urge their followers to "accept Jesus as Saviour", the Catholic church was advocating exactly the same thing. Any comprehensive book of Catholic spirituality will emphasize the same truth. Every Catholic child learns at the very outset of his religious instruction that his one chief purpose in life is "to know, love and serve God", and in its fullest meaning, what else does this phrase signify but that our relationship to Christ is meant to be something real, active and vital?

There are some Catholics, of course,

who never reach spiritual maturity. Their faith remains a dead letter; they keep themselves at a distance from Christ. Others are hypocrites, professing the name of Christian, while by their secret sins they make themseves His enemies. But this is no argument against the validity of the Catholic approach to God, since Christ Himself said: "It is necessary that scandals come."

On the other hand, if our evangelical friends cared to put the time and energy into a little historical and contemporary research, they would find ample evidence among fervently Catholic mystics of what the direct approach to God can really mean. Let them study the lives and writings of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa in the past, and of Teresa Neumann in the present, with her stigmata and ecstasies of prayer. These are not exceptional cases in Catholic history, and we dare to say that their genuine mystical experiences, and those of many others like them, will make the sudden "conversions" effected by a Billy Graham pale and bloodless by comparison.

What the genuine mystics always insisted upon, and what these modern-day "mystics" ignore, is that emotion in itself and mystical experiences in themselves are not a safe criterion or sign that one is on the right road. Emotionalism has its place in religion, but every one who has had any experience in directing souls knows well that it can be a very treacherous guide, leading the unwary into hallucinations and all sorts of excesses. All the experience of the centuries is agreed upon this. Even the greatest mystics, who themselves were permitted to enjoy ecstasies and raptures, point out that these experiences are granted by God to a comparative few. The ordinary, safe road by which to approach God, they agree, is that of continued faithfulness to duty and con-

tinual prayer, persevered in even though the emotions themselves remain dry and unawakened.

Yet these evangelists would make every "conversion" depend upon a special mystical experience, an emotional crisis, an "overflowing of the spirit". What right have they to demand such a thing from God? How can they brazenly fly in the face of 1900 years of experience, casting aside the warnings of much wiser men than themselves, men who proved the genuineness of their way of life by living and dying as saints?

Certainly, listening to a dynamic speaker, a man can be carried away by his emotions; he can suddenly experience remorse for past sins; he can throw himself into the arms of God. We do not deny the value of such emotional experiences. We only say that for those who pass through them, they may mark the beginning of conversion, and only the beginning. The real test comes later on, when the emotions have quieted down, and the "convert" is faced with the humdrum of daily life.

In that humdrum of daily life, with all its temptations and trials, the evangelicals have very little in the way of a pattern or blueprint to offer by which their "converts" can put their conversion to the test.

Before us as we write is a leaflet published by a revivalist minister. In it the business of saving one's soul is discussed under two headings.

THE MANY WAYS YOU CANNOT BE SAVED

- 1. By doing the best you can.
- 2. By going to church.
- 3. By good works.
- 4. By giving to charity.
- 5. By turning over a new leaf.
- 6. By a good character.
- 7. By trying to be good.
- 8. By anything you do by your own

cepting Christ as Saviour."

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In no other variety of religious thought is this so true as in regard to the so-called evangelical movement. It would probably surprise the revivalists to be told that their teaching reflects a basic Catholic belief, yet it can clearly be shown that such is the case.

One of the central tenets upon which the whole evangelical movement is based is the necessity of "personal conversion" to Christ. Various expressions are used to describe this process of conversion-"accepting Jesus as Saviour", "confessing Christ", "believing in Jesus", and what is meant is not any reasoned out and logical approach to the truths of religion, but quite the contrary. For the revivalists, conversion is an instantaneous thing; the spirit of God breathes upon the "convert" and instantly, in an emotional and mystical outpouring, he "accepts Christ", and in accepting Him is instantly and infallibly "saved." "I am as certain of heaven," we heard one such convert testify, "as if I were already there."

Now our evangelical friends are undoubtedly right in asserting that the individual soul should try to approach · as close as possible by the direct route to God. Long before the revivalists began to urge their followers to "accept Jesus as Saviour", the Catholic church was advocating exactly the same thing. Any comprehensive book of Catholic spirituality will emphasize the same truth. Every Catholic child learns at the very outset of his religious instruction that his one chief purpose in life is "to know, love and serve God", and in its fullest meaning, what else does this phrase signify but that our relationship to Christ is meant to be something real, active and vital?

There are some Catholics, of course,

who never reach spiritual maturity. Their faith remains a dead letter; they keep themselves at a distance from Christ. Others are hypocrites, professing the name of Christian, while by their secret sins they make themseves His enemies. But this is no argument against the validity of the Catholic approach to God, since Christ Himself said: "It is necessary that scandals come."

On the other hand, if our evangelical friends cared to put the time and energy into a little historical and contemporary research, they would find ample evidence among fervently Catholic mystics of what the direct approach to God can really mean. Let them study the lives and writings of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa in the past, and of Teresa Neumann in the present, with her stigmata and ecstasies of prayer. These are not exceptional cases in Catholic history, and we dare to say that their genuine mystical experiences, and those of many others like them, will make the sudden "conversions" effected by a Billy Graham pale and bloodless by comparison.

What the genuine mystics always insisted upon, and what these modern-day "mystics" ignore, is that emotion in itself and mystical experiences in themselves are not a safe criterion or sign that one is on the right road. Emotionalism has its place in religion, but every one who has had any experience in directing souls knows well that it can be a very treacherous guide, leading the unwary into hallucinations and all sorts of excesses. All the experience of the centuries is agreed upon this. Even the greatest mystics, who themselves were permitted to enjoy ecstasies and raptures, point out that these experiences are granted by God to a comparative few. The ordinary, safe road by which to approach God, they agree, is that of continued faithfulness to duty and con-

tinual prayer, persevered in even though the emotions themselves remain dry and unawakened.

Yet these evangelists would make every "conversion" depend upon a special mystical experience, an emotional crisis, an "overflowing of the spirit". What right have they to demand such a thing from God? How can they brazenly fly in the face of 1900 years of experience, casting aside the warnings of much wiser men than themselves, men who proved the genuineness of their way of life by living and dying as saints?

Certainly, listening to a dynamic speaker, a man can be carried away by his emotions; he can suddenly experience remorse for past sins; he can throw himself into the arms of God. We do not deny the value of such emotional experiences. We only say that for those who pass through them, they may mark the beginning of conversion, and only the beginning. The real test comes later on, when the emotions have quieted down, and the "convert" is faced with the humdrum of daily life.

In that humdrum of daily life, with all its temptations and trials, the evangelicals have very little in the way of a pattern or blueprint to offer by which their "converts" can put their conversion to the test.

Before us as we write is a leaflet published by a revivalist minister. In it the business of saving one's soul is discussed under two headings.

THE MANY WAYS YOU CANNOT BE SAVED

- 1. By doing the best you can.
- 2. By going to church.
- 3. By good works.
- 4. By giving to charity.
- 5. By turning over a new leaf.
- 6. By a good character.
- 7. By trying to be good.
- 8. By anything you do by your own

effort.
THE ONE WAY
YOU CAN BE SAVED
Believing in Jesus Christ.

This, we submit, is a classic example of the radical confusion inherent in the revivalist movement. Does the writer of this leaflet really mean that once a person "believes in Jesus Christ", it is no longer necessary to keep the commandments? If keeping them has nothing to do with my being saved, what is the point of keeping them at all? Or does the writer contend that one who "accepts Christ as Saviour" is automatically and instantly confirmed in grace, so that he is no longer free to commit sin, but is, as it were, canonized even in this life?

Obviously, he can't mean that, but whatever he means, we submit that this kind of thinking is not only puerile but highly dangerous as well. It is another example of a truth being twisted out of its proper place and meaning. Certainly we are saved only by the merits of Christ, in the sense that Christ's death on the cross is the essential and indispensable condition of our saving our souls. This truth has always been fundamental in Catholic teaching.

But there is a co-relative truth. Christ's death did not take away man's freedom. Common, every-day experience indicates that, even after "accepting Christ", it is still possible, unfortunately, for a man to fall from grace. Our salvation depends upon the death of Christ, and upon our acceptance of Him as Redeemer, but that acceptance must be proved by our continued efforts to measure up to the commandments.

Logical thinking, of course, is not one of the strong points of the revivalists. In general, they are suspicious of man's intellectual powers as being vitiated at their very root. In this they show them-

selves legitimate successors of Luther himself, who in a symbolic gesture publicly burned the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, considering that towering intellectual genius to be a false prophet. And just because these revivalists are illogical, they are capable, it seems to us, of doing infinite damage to the cause of religion itself.

It is not difficult to understand why this movement has enjoyed such outstanding success in our modern day. In the aftermath of the two great wars, many modern pagans are realizing the shallowness of their worldly ideals, and are groping around for some sort of a spiritual meaning in life. Revivalism offers a speciously simple way of satisfying these latent religious aspirations.

Perhaps by chance they are brought to attend a "revival". Stirred by its highly pitched emotional appeal, they are for the first time in their lives brought face to face with some of the realities of religion. It may be that they are swept up in a wave of enthusiasm. Rising from their benches in a kind of spiritual trance, they advance to the front of the hall and, facing the throng, they "give testimony to the Lord."

Then what happens? The meeting comes to an end and in a short time their emotional enthusiasm dies down, and they begin to look at things in the cold light of reason. But in their "conversion" nothing was offered to their reasoning faculty. They are left without any roadmap for the tortuous paths of life, with its pitfalls and temptations.

Left thus to wander in the dark, they quickly fall victim to these temptations, and, not knowing the why or wherefore of it all, they soon grow discouraged. Inevitably, they begin to question the whole process of their "conversion"; they begin to see the shallowness and insecurity of it, and because their knowledge of all religions is so

severely limited, they lump them all together as being totally inadequate. "And the last state of that man becomes worse than the first."

Revivalism, it is our strong conviction, holds out false promises to those who honestly are seeking God. Let any such honest seekers after truth who have read this article put prejudice aside and investigate carefully the claims of that one among the Christian churches which is the oldest of them all. The present head of that church can trace his succession in unbroken line back through the centuries to St. Peter himself.

And it was to St. Peter, the first head of the Catholic church, that Christ spoke

these significant words:

"Thou art Peter, the rock, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"He who hears you, hears me; he who despises you, despises me."

"Go forth into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he who does not believe, shall be condemned."

Only to the church headed by Peter was given that commission. That same church today is waiting with the truth for all who in earnestness and sincerity will ask to receive it.

Are They Immune?

Remarks heard from the Catholic chaplain on the campus of one of our State universities:

"It's lucky that our young men and women are completely allergic to all forms of learning. If they were not, the text book that is used for Sociology alone would be enough to destroy the faith of nearly every Catholic bov and girl studying the social sciences in this school. Fortunately the young people who attend the university are so impervious to anything that is found between the covers of a book that they can do everything but bathe in scholastic and class room poison and come out still breathing. I don't say that they emerge from the university with the same fervor that they had when they entered. They do not. But the mystery is that they emerge with any fervor at all. Their souls are stabbed a thousand times. The only explanation of the inability of their souls to die is the hard crust of ignorance and denseness that prevents the sword from penetrating beyond the surface. Nevertheless it is difficult to figure out how parents can calmly expose their children to the danger on the chance that their ignorance will save them. The parents must be awfully ignorant themselves."

No Fuss

Good old Mr. O'Shea is completely paralyzed, except for his right arm. But you would never think he had any troubles to hear him talk. "Sure and the good Lord knows I like me cigarettes; so He leaves me the use o' me good arm. Faugh, 'tis nothing; and if 'tis anything, it gives me a chance to do so much for sinners in me helplessness. And as long as the good Lord gets a kick out o' me, why should I up and make any fuss about meself?"

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (34)

E. A. Mangan

Samson's Hair

Problem: In the Book of Judges in the Bible it is asserted that Samson grew weak when his hair was cut and that his strength returned with a new growth of hair. Did Samson's strength reside in his hair?

Solution:

1. If you read Samson's history thoroughly you will find that the Bible does not assert that his strength actually resided in his hair; rather his extraordinary strength is attributed to special help from God. Before Samson exercised his strength, the inspired author says: "And the spirit of the Lord came upon him."

2. When Samson, badgered by the temptress Dalila, finally is cajoled into revealing the secret, the intimation is clear that there is a special sort of relationship between God and Samson, an implicit pact that as long as Samson is true to his vow as a Nazarite, God will give him special strength in his exploits against the enemies of his people, the Philistines. Samson tells Dalila: "The razor has never come upon my head, for I am a Nazarite, that is to say, consecrated to God from my mother's womb: if my head be shaved, my strength shall depart from me, and I shall be like other men."

3. Samson's long hair was therefore the outward sign that he was a Nazarite and consecrated to God. When an angel announced his forthcoming birth to his mother, the angel predicted that he would be consecrated by vow to God. When Samson put himself in danger of being deprived of the outward sign of his consecration to God (by telling Dalila that his hair was his strength) he acted foolishly and displeased God. When she cut off his hair, he himself was to blame for the loss of his state of dedication to God and the special help of God was withdrawn from him.

4. Afterwards Samson repented sincerely, allowed his hair to grow long again, and virtually regained his lost power. As he was blind by that time, he had his guide conduct him to a spot where he could reach the two main pillars on which the festival hall of the enemies of the Jews rested. After a short prayer, he grasped the pillars with resistless force, the building tottered and the roof fell in on the whole crowd of Philistines. We must not think of our modern buildings of steel and concrete when reading this story. The building was of wood or of stone and mud mixed together, and converged on two wooden pillars. When these were dislodged, the entire building collapsed.

Readers Retort

Letters of disagreement with views and opinions published in The Liguorian should be signed and return address given. Anonymous letters are cast aside by the editors, while all others are either answered personally or published in this column.

Jefferson, Wisconsin

"In the April issue of The Liquorian under the article 'Generosity among Catholics' mention was made that the St. Coletta School for Exceptional Children received a donation of \$160,000. Since there are three St. Coletta Schools for Exceptional Children-one in Jefferson, Wisconsin, one in Hanover, Massachusetts, and one in Orland Park, Illinois-we think it well to designate that the St. Coletta School by the Sea was the beneficiary of the greater part of this sum which was used, through the kindness of Archbishop Cushing, for the new wing in Hanover, Mass., and the remaining portion was received for the care of a patient. Thank you for the correction, for without clarification, our Wisconsin friends may feel that we need no further help. God knows that we do . . ."

Sr. M. Anastasia (Sup't.)

An understandably necessary clarification.

The editors.

Kansas City, Missouri
"I know a Catholic man who is quite
prominent in this city as the leader of
certain organized Catholic activities; yet
I know for a positive fact that this man
is underhanded in his business dealings. I
know a Catholic man who never hesitates
to take a week end fishing or hunting trip
with never a worry about attending Mass
on Sunday. In fact, he pooh-poohs his
Catholic friends who refuse to join him

on these trips, and tells them: 'We served enough Masses when we were kids: we'll go to heaven anyway.' I know a Catholic man who goes to Mass every Sunday and afterwards stands outside the church talking to friends, and every other word he uses is the Lord's name. I know hundreds of Catholic men and women who actually joke about our religion in front of Protestants. Don't they know that Protestants are jeering behind their backs! . . . I have worked for 15 years, and the articles on replies from Protestants to the Knights of Columbus' advertisements are somewhat of an old story to me. So very much of the hatred and fear of the Catholic Church is caused by careless Catholics . . .

Mrs. D. A. G.

The point made is an excellent one, and the scandal-giving Catholic will have much to make amends for or to suffer for besides his own sins. It is sometimes forgotten, however, that evil-doing Catholics need the charity of our prayers, the merit of our sacrifices, and the inspiration of the best example we ourselves can give, as much as pagans and unbelievers. There is such a thing as being so preoccupied with the evildoing of others that we neglect a great many positive duties of our own, and move farther and farther away from the sanctity to which every Christian should aspire. One saint can save and make up for the scandals of a countless number of sinners.

The editors.

Bellaire, Texas

"Some months ago there was an article in The Liquorian on "Involuntary Miscarriage." It touched upon infant baptism and salvation, a subject which interests me deeply. It is true that baptism is necessary for salvation. Exceptions are admitted immediately, baptism by blood and by desire. I believe this proposition must be considered in relation to other teachings of the Church. One, the Church does teach the possibility of salvation outside the Church. Secondly, the Church teaches that God earnestly desires the salvation of all men and gives all men sufficient grace for salvation. Consider those individuals who have lived since the time of Christ, and live today, who have never heard the name of Christ, or His gospel. Savages, uncivilized people, and even those who live in areas today where Christian missionaries are not allowed, Iran, Afghanistan, and other Moslem countries. These people do not know about Christ or baptism, and have no way of knowing. Their ignorance is truly an invincible ignorance. But they do have some sort of religion, some sort of moral code, and a conscience, and, if I am not mistaken, the Church teaches that if they live according to their code and conscience, doing what they believe is right, and avoiding what they believe is wrong, they have every chance of going to heaven. It is assumed that, if they are striving after moral good, as they know it, they would desire baptism, if they knew about it . . . Now, it seems to me that the case of the infant, born or unborn, is similar. It does not know about baptism and has no way of knowing. I think the theory of illumination is logical and fitting to God's mercy, and the belief that every soul is given grace sufficient for salvation. Unless there is illumination. what happens to that teaching? I find it

difficult to believe in a state of natural happiness after death . . .

J. E. M.

The theory of illumination states that every soul, whether that of an infant or of an adult who has never had access to a knowledge of Christ, is granted a moment of knowledge sufficient for making an act of love of God and for desiring baptism before death or at the moment of death. This theory has not been censured, and has been held by quite a number of theologians. It is one of those points on which it is interesting to speculate, even though we cannot have the certainty of faith concerning it because Christ did not see fit to reveal any special plan for the souls of the unborn or of the invincibly ignorant. Perhaps His silence on this question was intended to keep all Christians conscious of their duty of doing everything in their power to bring baptism and a knowledge of Christ to all the peoples of the world.

The editors.

Buffalo, New York.

"I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for publishing such an excellent magazine. Here at home, we receive a great many Catholic publications, and whereas I mean no disrespect to the others. The Liguorian is by far the most popular. As a matter of fact, it is too popular. The mail is delivered after I leave for school in the morning and by the time I return, some member of the family is bound to be right in the middle of an article. Then the cry is: 'Wait till I finish this!' which is followed by: 'Now there's another piece in here that I want to read.' About two days later I get the magazine . . . The best of luck in your new publishing office."

K. P. T.

The most disappointed people in the world are those who get what is coming to them.

Zero Hour

How it feels to be taking off on a tough assignment.

R. E. Martin

THE THIN LINE of volunteers stretched out raggedly across the open space between the thick walls of the old, high-ceiling room. Third from the left, Barrett moistened his lips nervously as it neared his turn to answer roll. Cautiously, he swung his head slightly to the right, watching the others step forward as they answered. Were they as scared as he? "You bet they are," he told himself, "we're all in this together."

The little butterflies that had established a beachhead in his stomach early that morning were now engaged in a full scale operation. He knew he was scared; had been for the last few days, in fact. That's the way it had always been with him. Once in the thick of it he was okay, himself. But right before, man! that was the tough part. Like waiting for a report on an exam you knew hadn't been too hot, or getting up nerve to ask a girl to your first dance.

He heard the roll getting closer and began to repeat to himself, "you bet, you bet, you bet." Then his turn came and he stepped forward and said it. Not "you bet," of course. You weren't that informal in this outfit! The roll finished, he took a deep breath and let it out slowly and jerkily, trying hard to relax. A low murmur of voices broke through his nervousness and he caught the question "ready?" He knew what the answer was even before he heard it. Sure, they were ready. But he was glad he didn't have to answer for himself just then. He wondered if he wouldn't have said no. He certainly didn't feel ready.

The line was being addressed now, and he tried hard to jerk his subconscious back to attention. It was no use. First, he had to answer that question for himself. Sure, he was ready. You bet he was. Why, hadn't he been in strict training for just this very thing? Hadn't he known what he was in for when he signed up? This wasn't just a kid game of make-believe. This was the real thing. Especially this last week. If he could go through that he could go through anything. The heat had been terrible. Drills, continuous and monotonous. No let up. No communication. Taylor had even been refused a visit with his father the day before. Everything had to be perfect. It had been hard, but he had come through alright. And as soon as he got over this nervousness he'd come through here okay, too.

He thought back to the day when he and 45 others had volunteered for this job. The group had been pretty well weeded out as they went along, and this handful was all that remained. A lot of his friends had dropped out early, and at one time he had almost joined a couple of them. Now he was glad he had stuck it out. There was a bit of pride in the thought that he had been one of the few to come through.

The gap between him and the man to his right had widened considerably before he felt the hand on his elbow. They wanted him to move. The speaker had stopped and the line had started to move forward now, double-file, going much faster. He stepped forward and filled up the gap. Then another step, another, one more and he was there. Looking up, he saw the wrinkled old hands slowly reach towards him. Bending slightly, he

felt their touch through the dampness of his hair. As quickly as they had fallen they had been withdrawn, but in that never-ending second in which they had rested on his head he knew that he had been made a priest forever. He relaxed.

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First Military Chaplain

Military Chaplain says in a recent issue that in the Revolutionary war the first official Catholic chaplain for the colonial troops was a Sulpician priest by the name of Father Louis Latbiniere. He was appointed on January 26, 1776, by the Congress, and was given a salary of \$38.71 a month. He was over sixty years of age when he accepted his commission, and remained on duty for about five years. For some years after his retirement in 1781 he was paid forty dollars a month, but frequently Congress was so short of funds that his pay was far in arrears. Writing to the President of Congress shortly before his death, he closed with this pathetic appeal:

I hope Sire that Your Excellency will urge the honorable Congress to ordo me that I may be paid. For it is Less Crime to Ordorr my death than to Kill me by inche in denying my pay—and it is due to me 240 doll for two quarters from the first day of januarii 1786. I am with a profound Respect to your Excellency the utmost humble obedient servant.

Louis Lotbininere Priest of Canada.

There is no record attesting whether Father Latbiniere was paid or not paid. He died on October 17, 1786.

Dangerous Character

Abbot Tajowsky was one of the priests recently tried by a Communist court in Czechoslovakia, having been "conditioned" first, of course, so that he would confess anything and everything that the court wanted him to confess. The charge against the Abbot was that he kept an "ammunition dump" in his monastery. The "ammunition dump" turned out to be two old pistols and a number of rusty cartridges, left by the German soldiers who during the war had occupied a wing of the monastery. Yet, the Abbot was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years in prison. His sentence was heavy because, besides keeping the "ammunition dump" in his monastery, he had "engineered the miracle of the moving crucifix in the church of Cihost in Bohemia." This miracle—Our Lord coming to life upon the cross—had been witnessed by thousands of people.

Mud

A Pagan has squatted to play in the mud.
He loves the mud, he trows.
He fashions and kisses his own little gods
And stands them all in rows.
A Saint swings by, and likes the mud
For squidging through his toes.

F. M. Lee

On High School Boys and Girls

An analysis of some of the factors that must be considered by all, parents and teachers and youth leaders, who have anything to do with the training of youth.

E. F. Miller

I AM A PRIEST who has just completed the work of giving a long series of high school retreats in some of the large and small cities of the country. Perhaps the thoughts that have come to me, as I associated closely with boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 will be of use to parents who have the continuing task of guiding these young people. Certain it is that parents often speak of their worries and problems in this regard.

First of all, what is a high school retreat? It is a spiritual examination of self that usually lasts three days. During that time twelve talks are given on religious subjects proper to youth, opportunities are afforded for private consultations on difficulties touching the soul, confessions are heard, and pious exercises, such as the rosary, the way of the cross, public spiritual reading, etc. are held. In almost all Catholic high schools a retreat is held once a year.

The priest who conducts the retreat, i.e., preaches the sermons, holds the private consultations, etc., has a splendid chance to find out the chief characteristics of the young people of today. They break down and talk to him in great confidence and frankness. He also has a chance to observe them when they are under a great strain, such as the strictures of a retreat constitute. He cannot help getting to know quite a bit about them.

They seem to be the victims of split personality, that is, they seem to be two persons instead of one: at one time solid and sensible as Mr. Hyde, and at another time as unworried about what they are supposed to do and be as Mr. Jekyl. Most of them can be stirred to the highest heights of resolution and fervor. The girls can cry copiously and unashamedly at a spiritual story with the thinnest strand of sadness running through it, such as the story of Fatima or that of the martyrdom of St. Agnes. The boys can be aroused to a fine fever of enthusiasm for goodness and even holiness, so that they will knock down with their fists the man who dares smile at a medal or make jokes about a priest. Both boys and girls are fundamentally sound in soul and in the desire to live up to the high demands of their faith.

But, then, there is the other side of their personality. It makes one think of the saying of the wise man, that the hardest thing in all the world to understand is the way of a man in his youth.

They are restless like the sea. While they are sitting in the pews of a chapel or church listening to a conference, they find it all but impossible to sit in one position for more than a minute at a time. It appears as though they were sitting on nails, or being attacked by hosts of fleas, which they have to fight off by constant agitation and movement.

There is constant fluttering among them, like the rustling of the trees under an autumn breeze. If a story is told by the retreat-master, all motion stops during its duration, and a pin could be heard falling. But the moment the story is over and the application is being made, the rustling and wrenching, the

turning and twisting, the twitching and scratching, the kicking of the kneelers and the making of the pews to squeak as though they were alive, starts off anew. Heads bob and shoulders slump. Bodies fall into positions so recumbent that they look to be in bed, or in positions so tangled that they seem to be crippled. If an unusual noise is made in the back of the chapel, such as the opening of a door, practically every head in the gathering swings around to see what is going on.

But even though, through some miracle, all this endless motion does not go on during the public conferences (and there are some retreats during which it is noticeably absent), it begins as soon as the conference is over and the students are again free of the holy place where they were confined. Talking, by some categorical imperative, must at once commence, in whispers if the sisters are hard at hand, in louder tones if surveillance has been lifted for as much as five minutes. If there is snow on the ground, snowballs must be flung in the general direction of the girls. If boys are in close proximity to one another, they must pull and push and bump into one another as though they were completely blind, or miserably unhappy unless there were some minor violence that they could do.

There is nothing bad in all this St. Vitus dancing and inexplicable commotion. I repeat that ninety-eight per cent of the boys and girls have a deeply serious and sincere side to their characters. When they come to the retreatmaster to discuss a difficulty, they are as solemn as judges.

It would seem that they want to be decorous and adult (they would be insulted if you said otherwise) but that they simply cannot. There is some force within them splitting them as with a sword into two different persons, an

angel and a devil. Unfortunately the devil side of some of them, which touches only accidentals and minor things when they are in high school, sometimes emerges the victor when they leave high school, and involves them in such tragedies as early and unfortunate marriages.

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Why are they such as they are?

They are good because they have the benefit of a Catholic school. If these same children were in a secular high school, their chances of overcoming their split personalities would be far fewer. They would have little inclination to get to the sacraments: they would hear nothing of virtue for God's sake, of eternity for their own sake, and of the reason and purpose of their being here on earth. It is the sacraments and. after the sacraments, the emphasis that is placed on the soul in the Catholic system that brings out the good or keeps alive the good in the young people who have the good fortune of receiving such an education.

The answer to the other question — why they are so restless, so lightminded, so unconcerned about serious things, — can be easily answered. They are merely the victims of their times.

The ceaseless rush and roar of traffic, causing them ever to be on the alert lest they be killed; the canonization of speed as the patron saint of a society that has lost confidence in the saints of contemplation and thought and silence; the making of the things of time, with all their glaring brightness and tinselled garishness, preferable to the things of eternity, with all their serenity and peace — these things certainly have something to do with making young people jumpy and restless.

Or the cause may be their parents, who have become distraught by the tempo of the times, so that their nerves are always raw, making them bark at each other like small dogs at the slightest provocation: or the papers, that continually scream threats at other nations for being fascist or communist or simply not American; or the officials of the government, who hurl threats and counter-threats at one another and are forever starting new investigations before the old investigations are finished: or the shootings and killings and robbings and spyings that come over the radio and appear on television and resound from the housetops like thunder that never stops. These things are bound to have their effect on the delicate and mysterious mechanism of the growing boy and girl, and to bring about in them an inability to be quiet except under the duress of chains or anesthetics, or to keep free from moral danger when there is promise of excitement in the danger.

Young people are incorrigible victims of human respect. They fear with a great fear the jibes, the laughter, the ridicule of others. It is too often the fact that, in a large group, the ones who make use of these means of torture are the thoroughly no good, the children of broken homes, the rebels, the evilminded. They set the pace for the others. From them even the good adopt the pose of toughness, sophistication, worldly wisdom, rudeness. Inside the soul there may be no toughness or sophistication at all. There may even be a liking for the things of the spirit. But such leanings must be suppressed like sores, and covered over with an armor of hardness like that of the socalled leaders of the school.

It thus becomes a sign of weakness to be good or to show goodness, the sign of a sissy to show emotion of any kind, especially emotion over virtue and especially amongst boys. The most logical explanation of the profanity and bad language of many Catholic high school boys and girls is their fear of

being jeered at or considered pious by their more hardened friends if they avoid it.

It is also an unequivocal fact that many high school boys and girls have not yet reached the use of moral reason. They can read a book, add up sums, hold down a job after school hours, but they cannot distinguish clearly between right and wrong. The growth of their reason, which in moral matters is called conscience, has not kept pace with the growth of their bodies.

They can sit and listen to the advice of their elders, as they do when they make a retreat. They want to listen: they do listen. But the words do not get in. It is as though the words hit a stone wall and bounced off. They are told that they should be quiet during the retreat. The majority of them do not say to themselves that they won't be quiet or that they will be quiet. They say nothing to themselves. They draw no conclusions. They hear the words. they understand the words, but they are incapable of applying the words. If, later on, their feelings suggest that they talk, yell, whistle, scuff and wrestle, they do these things.

This opaqueness of reason or conscience is due in some part to the fact that the young people of today are not permitted to encounter any of the sufferings, tragedies, worries and heartaches that are a part of life.

From the moment of their birth they are shielded and protected. Their clothes are bought for them, their food provided for them, their home built for them, their battles fought for them. They seldom, if ever, feel any genuine inconvenience. Death is about as real to them as a tale in the Arabian Nights. They live in a fool's paradise of fancy, romance and unreality, established on the quicksands of the nonsense they see in the papers and magazines and in

their corner theatre. They are morally asleep. For some of them, unfortunately, only experience and the burning and branding that go with experience will awaken them. Only then will they begin to seek the wisdom of others, to use their reason and faith to work out problems, and to wonder why nobody saved them from their mistakes.

It follows from this that boys and girls of high school age are often incapable of drawing particular conclusions from general principles. The retreatmaster explains that steady companykeeping during high school years is a great moral danger and a poor preparation for the responsibilities of life. The fifteen-year-old boy who takes a fourteen-year-old girl out once or twice every week doesn't say to himself: "That means me." He doesn't say anything. He keeps on taking the girl out once or twice every week. The retreatmaster explains the danger of worldly and sensual literature. The fifteen-vearold girl who pores over the movie magazines and the True Love Story type of literature doesn't apply that to herself. He means somebody else, or some other kind of reading matter.

This inability to reason things out, to apply principles to conduct, is again but a part of the general picture of the times. It is not limited to high school boys and girls. There are intelligent grown people, some of them moral leaders, even ministers, who say that mercykilling is morally good. They know the principle, "Thou shalt not kill," but they cannot apply it to this particular kind of killing because their own feelings are involved. A letter writer to Life magazine recently stated that the inclusion of subjects in a high school or college curriculum for the purpose of developing the mind and reasoning power is as passé as the horse and buggy, and, he added, fortunately so. In spite of all this, there are two agencies that are capable of making good men and women out of high school boys and girls.

The first one is the Catholic school. But it must be understood that the Catholic school is working against tremendous odds. Almost everything young people see and hear outside the school is directly opposed to what they see and hear inside the school. It is a case of the world against the spirit, the body against the soul.

The world has millions of people proclaiming its excellence and finality, billions of dollars to support its programs, newspapers and every other form of journalistic and literary art to advertise its sweets. The world is concrete and eminently "here and now" in its dispensing of promises and pleasures.

The spirit, on the other hand, has only the word of an unseen and unheard God to convince young people that there are things in life more vital and important than anything the world can offer. What chance has the spirit against so strong a force that is thrown against it?

The second agency is the home, and this is by far the more important of the two. The Catholic school can do little or nothing if it must operate against the home. It is in the home that a spiritual outlook must be built up for children, and habits of self-discipline, and docility and obedience to the dictates and commands of experience. It is in the example of a father and mother that young people must find the ideals toward which they shall strive. It is in the practices of family prayer, and family cooperation, and family sacrifice that they must be made sturdy battlers against the spirit of the world. They have no chance unless their home gives them one.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

The Danger of Pride

The capital sins can take hold of any human being, not excluding the sick and helpless. The first of the capital sins is pride, and every shut-in should be aware of its meaning and on guard against letting it take any root in his heart and mind.

Pride is the vice by which a person considers his own being, qualities, wisdom, excellence as in some way greater than God's. It is a very insidious vice, and can manifest itself in various ways. Deliberately to ignore God is a form of pride, because this means that one refuses to admit that there is any goodness or authority or excellence in God worth thinking about. Deliberately to complain against God's will is a form of pride, because it means that the grumbler considers his own wisdom and excellence as greater than God's. Deliberately to offend God in thought or word or deed is always an expression of pride, because it means that one supplants God's supreme authority with one's own.

While the circumstances in which a shut-in finds himself seem made to order to promote humility, they do not eliminate the danger of pride. And one does not have to be a great sinner, or ignorant of the basic truths of religion, to feel the tug of temptation towards pride. This can take the form of a tendency to exaggerated self-pity, as if there were no pity in God, and no love to be counted on from Him. It can take the form of bitterness and resentment over the fact that others are permitted to be healthy and active, while the complainer has to suffer, as if God did not consider what is best for each individual, and did not provide special graces and rewards for those whom the world considers afflicted by Him. Even the temptation to deny God comes to the shut-in at times, in the form of this suggested thought: "Because God does not do what I want Him to do (make me well) there is no God." That is the very essence of pride: foolishly to deny God because He won't give something one wants.

All these temptations can be overcome by the shut-in who permits his dependence and helplessness to turn his mind to the One on whom every created object is dependent, the One without whose help no human being, sick or well, can accomplish or be anything. Humility means saying, in sickness or in health: "I am not God; I was made by God; I belong to God; I need God; I want nothing but God's will."

Christ and the Rich Young Man

There have been many controversies over the "rich young man" in the Gospels. One thing is certain: Christ loved him.

R. J. Miller

FOR THE PAST several months the Portraits of Christ have dealt with wealthy friends of our Lord. Their number has turned out to be considerably larger than might have been expected. The author himself confesses that when first it was proposed to him to write something on Christ and wealth, he thought and began to plan on writing first an article or at most two on Christ's attitude to wealthy persons, and then His attitude to wealth itself. The "one or at most two" articles on Christ and wealthy persons, however, have now developed into six, or seven, with the present one; and it has been a most interesting adventure (for the author at least) to trace them all down.

The task remains of confronting with courage Our Lord's doctrine on wealth itself. There will be some rather rough going here for rich people, we fear. So before entering into that matter, let us take a last look or two at the wealthy friends of Christ.

Who is there we have not mentioned as yet? One character that comes promptly to mind is the "rich young man"; and then there is Jairus, whose little girl Our Lord raised from the dead; and Lazarus, whom He raised from the dead; and finally the Evangelist St. Luke.

Here is the story of the rich young man, put together from the accounts given in three of the Gospels. Our Lord was walking along the highway one day, when

one of the rulers ran up and knelt down before Him, asking: Good Master, what must I do to gain life everlasting? Jesus said to him: Why do you call Me good? No one is good but only God. But you know the commandments: Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, honor thy father and mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

The young man said: All these I have kept since I was a boy.

Then Jesus, gazing at him, loved him, and said: You lack only one thing: Go, sell everything you have and give it to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me.

But when he heard this, he became downcast, and sadly went away; for he was a very wealthy man.

The special thing, or the striking, unique feature, in this story is of course the fact that

then Jesus gazing at him, loved him.

Of how many persons in the entire Gospel is it said that "Jesus loved him"? Not many, to be sure. "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary, and Lazarus." And St. John delights in referring to himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved". After His resurrection, too, just before He made St. Peter the first Pope, He asked him: "Simon, son of John, do you love Me?"

Undoubtedly Our Lord loved others in a special way too; His holy Mother in the first place, and St. Joseph, and St. John the Baptist, and all the twelve Apostles. But surely there must have been a very special affection in His heart, and His very looks must have shown it for this rich young man, to cause St. Mark the Evangelist to make special note of it in his inspired Gospel:

Then Jesus, gazing at him, loved him.

And yet, and this is the tragic side of the story, despite this special love shown visibly to the rich young man by the Human Being

he became downcast, and sadly went away.

Why did he not respond to the love of Christ? What kept him from heeding the sublime invitation of the "good Master"? Our Lord Himself gave the explanation as He watched the young man go away. Turning to the twelve, He said:

How hard it is for wealthy people to enter the kingdom of God!

It was nothing else but the young man's attachment to his vast wealth that stood in the way of his following lesus Christ.

But we are not dealing with this tragic aspect of the story just now, except as a background or setting for Our Lord's attitude to the wealthy young man.

"Jesus loved him." What did he see in the young man that aroused this divine love in the Human Being? What kind of young man was he?

First of all, we might stress the point that he was rich. Our Lord of course did not love him for his wealth; but the point is worth noting in keeping with our general purpose in this series, namely to find cases where Our Lord showed Himself friendly to wealthy persons. Some readers might feel inclined to object that Christ loved him despite

his wealth; but whatever the circumstances, the fact is that the holy Gospel says: "he was a very wealthy man", and also: "Jesus loved him."

But was he really good at heart? There would hardly seem to be any doubt on this point, since Our Lord really loved him; but strangely enough one of the Fathers of the Church, St. Jerome, comes out very strongly with the opinion that he was anything but good. This is what St. Jerome says:

He was young and rich and proud, and he asked his question not to learn but to see what the Lord would be able to answer. This we prove by the fact that when the Lord said: "If you want to enter life, keep the commandments," he comes right back with another lying question: "Which?" as though either he was unable to read, or else the Lord could give him some other law besides the ten commandments.

But St. Jerome, for all his sanctity, has a reputation for being a rather blunt and fierce defender of the faith, let the chips fall where they may. His opinion is not shared by other Fathers of the Church, such as St. John Chrysostom and Venerable Bede. And a learned writer of early Christian times, called Theophylact, says that the only trouble with the young man was that "he was held back by the passion of avarice", and even exclaims in admiration:

I am surprised at this lad! Everyone else asks for cures; he is the only one who asks about eternal life!

If he had been only trying to see what Our Lord would say, St. Bede adds, the answer he would have got would be: "Why do you tempt Me, you hypocrite?"

So with all due reverence to St. Jerome, he really seems to have been

a good young man.

In fact, he was very likely just a favored child of fortune, used to attention and flattery, unacquainted with want or suffering, with a cheerful sunny disposition; affectionate, voluble, perhaps a little vain, but good hearted and sincere.

He had heard that Our Lord had just been speaking of little children:

Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you: whoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall not enter into it.

So when Our Lord left the house where He had been embracing and blessing the children, the young man thought he would ask Him something about the kingdom of God on his own account. As Jesus came walking along the dusty highways he came running up to Him and plopped down on his knees before Him (and the action is quite characteristic of a bubbling boyish disposition):

Good Master, what must I do to gain life everlasting?

And perhaps there was a little special emphasis on the "I": "What must I do; I am not a little child; I am rich, but I have always tried to do the right thing; What do I have to do to make sure of life everlasting?"

Our Lord's first reaction was rather discouraging:

Why do you call Me good? No one is good but only God!

It does seem a rather bad beginning;

why did Our Lord use this tone of reproof, and besides, why does He seem to disclaim the title of "good?"

Our friend St. Jerome has an answer for the first question. He says: "Why does the Lord reprove him so? To teach him not to flatter so!"

Well, it would have been quite in keeping with the young man's bubbling expansive disposition to be a little exaggerated in his compliments at times; and St. Jerome may not have been too "blunt and fierce" in this instance.

But why did Our Lord seem to disclaim the title "good"? That is a deeper and more mysterious problem.

The answer lies in what Bible scholars tell us about the use of this term "good" in the religious language of Gospel times. It seems that in those days the practice was to use it as a term of address only in prayers to God Himself. An ordinary Jewish leader was called "Rabbi"; not "good Rabbi"; and to have called him "Good Rabbi" would have corresponded to our calling a person "divine Master" in our own day. "Good", in other words, meant something like our "divine".

In this setting, Our Lord's reply loses much of its mystery. What He was saying to the rich young man amounted to this: "Why do you call Me 'divine'? Only God is divine!"

But this suggests another difficulty, or rather, simply pushes back the difficulty another step. Why did Christ seem to disclaim the term "divine"?

And the answer here is that He was not disclaiming to be divine; rather, in His own way He was inviting the young man to confess that He was divine. "Whom do you say that I am?" He had asked Peter and the twelve with the very same invitation to a confession of His divinity.

But the young man was not equal to his opportunity, despite the fact that he had given Our Lord the opening by calling Him "divine"; which is another indication that there was at least a bit of exaggeration in the way he addressed Him.

Bustling, active, good hearted, his religion did not go very deep. One commentator has even suggested that he was a kind of "do-gooder"; and he adds: "like many Americans"!

Perhaps Our Lord was adapting Himself precisely to this active mentality when He enumerated the commandments. Students of the Gospel have noted with some surprise that the only commandments He mentioned are those "on the second table", namely, those regarding the neighbor; He named none "on the first table", namely the first three which regard God!

At any rate, the young man answered promptly: "All these I have kept since I was a boy."

Was he perfectly honest in this answer? Was it quite true?

St. Jerome stamps onto the scene here breathing fire and brimstone once more!

The man is a liar! If he had really done all this, would he have gone away sad when the Lord said: "Come follow Me"?

Gentle St. John Chrysostom, however, does not agree:

While I will easily grant (he says) that he was guilty of avarice and attachment to money, since Christ said as much about him, I by no means consider him to be a hypocrite; for we should not pass absolute judgment on doubtful matters, and should be especially careful not to make open accusations.

Surely St. John seems to have the better of it here. It is very difficult to see how Our Lord could have "gazed

upon him and loved him" if at that very moment the young man was playing the hypocrite.

No, the rich youth was just blurting forth as usual what he had in mind; perfectly honest as far as he was concerned, even if somewhat more certain of himself, a little more "cocky" than prudence or modesty might demand.

And Our Lord looked at the cocky young man, and liked him. There may have been something quizzical in the look He gave him: seeing the goodheartedness that had never known contradiction, the benevolence that had always met with flattery, He saw the deeper possibilities of complete generosity in the young man's heart, together with the drag of his wealth and social position.

You lack only one thing: Go, sell everything you have and give it to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come follow Me.

There is almost a touch of irony in the words: "You lack only one thing: go sell everything!" But Christ knew what He was saying: the young man had done every good thing except the one supreme good thing; and Jesus Christ was giving him his magnificent opportunity to do just that.

But it was too much for the rich man. One of the most ancient commentaries of the Holy Gospel, quoted by St. Thomas Aquinas, says: "he began to scratch his head." He had never thought of a thing like that; he became downcast, and sadly went away.

And Christ too sadly watched him go away. The young man had made his free choice and Christ was too great a respecter of human freedom to put any other pressure upon him, even though the young man's free choice might lead to fatal consequences.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

A document of great importance was issued a few months ago by the Congregation of the Holy Office in Rome on the subject of religious discussions between Catholics and non-Catholics. While at first sight, and from the brief newspaper accounts of it, a non-Catholic might judge it to be a setback to friendly relations between Catholics and non-Catholics, it is nothing of the kind. It is a clarification of principles and a guide to prudence for those who wish to be both loyal to their own convictions and zealous to bring religious truth to those who need it. The instruction takes cognizance of the fact that in many parts of the world there are sincere efforts being made to unite Christians of different sects; it lauds the zealous desire of Catholics to promote such unity between themselves and the Christian denominations that do not recognize the authority of the Holy See; but it also sets down the principle that no Catholic may compromise his faith in working for religious unity, and it warns against the dangers into which they might fall in such endeavors.

In general, the instruction places authority and responsibility for formal activities designed to bring Catholics and non-Catholics together on religious questions in the hands of the bishops. For convoking interdiocesan, national or international religious conferences and conventions, the specific permission of the Holy See must be procured in each case, and no Catholic may take part in preparations for such meetings before that permission has been obtained. These prescriptions are in perfect conformity with the nature of the Catholic Church and the traditional laws

that have been in force concerning this matter. Christ gave to His Church the authority to teach religious truth and he promised to protect it from error in so doing. The bishops are the representatives of the teaching authority of the Catholic Church in the areas over which they hold jurisdiction. It stands to reason that the Pope, as Vicar of Christ, should retain authority over meetings that are wider than diocesan.

While this legislation concerning mixed religious meetings is not new nor unusual. there are several points made in the instruction of the Holy See that should be noted by all Catholics, and applied even to their private conversations and discussions with non-Catholics about religion. The first point is that a Catholic must be on constant guard against appearing to favor religious indifferentism when he talks about religion. Indifferentism is the view that all religions are good and true, or that it does not matter too much what a person believes or to what religious organization he adheres, or that various religions are merely different roads to the same goal. A Catholic who talks religion with anybody has to be mindful throughout of these truths: that there can be only one true religion; that the one true religion can be known and proved to be such; that the Catholic religion can be demonstrated to be the one true religion; that once in possession of it, one may not compromise its teachings nor disregard its laws. There are a thousand ways of presenting and explaining these truths to non-Catholics; but in none of them may a Catholic say that it does not matter what a person believes. It may be added that a Catholic should never discuss religion with anybody without bringing up the subject of the importance of prayer. God's help is needed by anyone who wants to know the truth and to embrace it; prayer is the means to obtain that help.

A second point made in the Holy See's instruction concerning religious discussions is that Catholics must beware lest they encourage indifferentism by stressing points on which they agree with non-Catholics rather than those on which they disagree. The American temperament is strong for finding common ground with those who disagree with it, and this is a praiseworthy quality in almost everything except the all important matter of religion. For example, a Catholic might be tempted to say to a member of a religious sect that has some kind of a "Last Supper" service, that Catholics and Protestants have the same "Communion". The truth is that what Catholics believe about the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Communion is far different from what Protestants believe, and that only the full truth, universally held by all Catholics from the time of Christ, can make an appeal to the Protestant mind that is so confused and divided on this point. (Even though some Anglicans accept the full Catholic teaching about Holy Communion, it must be remembered that they represent a minority of the adherents of Anglicanism. Such a belief is neither universal nor mandatory for Anglicans.) The danger of stressing similarities of doctrine or practice, while glossing over differences, is that the Catholic may come to think that the differences are unimportant and negligible, and that Catholic doctines with which there is no agreement on the part of non-Catholics may be disregarded. It is not wrong for Catholics to join with non-Catholics in resisting atheistic Communism (because both believe in God), or in campaigning against corruption and evil in government (because both believe in justice). But when a non-Catholic is seeking religious information, or discussing the merits of various religions, a Catholic should explain the teachings of his own faith clearly and unmistakably. This can be done in such a way that even points of outright difference will appeal strongly to the mind of an unprejudiced man.

A third point that the instruction brings out is that, in speaking of the history of the Protestant Reformation and the Reformers, Catholics should not overemphasize the faults and foibles of their Catholic ancestors while lightly passing over those of the founders of Protestantism. Not too well instructed Catholics have made the mistake of representing moral conditions among Catholics of the 15th and 16th centuries as an almost valid excuse for the Protestant revolt against the ancient Church. They forget or never knew these three things: 1) That some Protestant historians have exaggerated and even falsified the evils said to have been flourishing among Catholics when Protestantism arose. Even a non-Catholic historian not so long ago wrote an entire volume to prove that most of the sins attributed to Pope Alexander VI were fabrications that enemies of the Catholic Church invented long after Pope Alexander VI was dead. One does not have to deny that some Catholics led evil lives in the 16th century in the process of learning that many of the historic generalizations handed down about the evils of those days are unfounded in fact. 2) That most of the Reformers did little, by their example or by their teaching, to raise standards of morality where they happened to be low. It was Martin Luther himself who complained bitterly about the wave of immorality that swept over Germany after he had set up his own religion. 3) That, while the Reformers said that they were merely attacking abuses and purifying the religion of Christ, they actually did deny and overthrow many of the essential teachings of the Christian religion that had been accepted for 1500 years. They cut the ancient Mass and the seven sacraments to ribbons. They severed themselves from the source of all unity of faith. And, instead of correcting moral abuses where they found them, they set up the principle that good works and obedience to the moral law are not necessary or useful to salvation. These facts must be remembered by Catholics when they discuss the origin of Protestantism with others.

A fourth point that the instruction brings out is that bishops shall not permit Catholics to attend interfaith meetings and discussions when there is little hope of good resulting from them, or where the dangers outweigh the probable good. This, too, can be used as a norm by Catholics in their private discussions of religion with non-Catholics. With some people it is clear from the outset that no good can come from arguing about religion; rather this will be made merely an occasion for bit-terness and blasphemy. Catholics should not talk religion merely for the sake of talking; their purpose should always be to en-

lighten and help others; if it is clear that this purpose cannot or will not be attained, they should be silent. At the same time they must beware of letting human respect stand in their way when some real good can be accomplished by explaining doctrines of their faith. It is probable that Catholics fail more often by fearful silence on the topic of religion than by imprudent talk,

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It is certain that a Catholic has nothing to lose, ordinarily, and much to gain, by presenting his faith to others in all its fullness, and without trying in any way to make it appear that its points of difference from other religious beliefs are immaterial. The appeal of the Catholic religion to the unprejudiced mind lies in its uniqueness: it is the only religion that insists that religious truth is like all other truth-one, indivisible, demonstrable, eternal. who do not possess such religious truth and who have open minds, will be attracted by it, whenever it is reasonably explained. They will not be helped by watered-down versions, nor by compromising presentations that stultify the mind.

THE OLDEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

During the past few months a good many articles have appeared in secular newspapers and magazines concerning the Holy Shroud of Turin, which experts have acclaimed as the actual cloth or winding sheet in which Our Lord's body was wrapped for burial. The remarkable thing about the Shroud is that it bears upon it the negative of a photograph that gives a magnificent picture presumably of the dead body of the Saviour. If you want to read the story of this remarkable relic and likeness of the Redeemer, order the booklet

THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN

from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri. While the Church has not officially declared its authenticity, hundreds of scientists have studied and attested to its genuineness. The booklet gives thirty illustrations with the story, and the price is only 18 cents, including postage.



Catholic Anecdotes

Bought Off

Robert Kennerly, writing in The Shield, relates the following interesting incident, in which one of the chief actors was a missionary to the aborigines of Northern Australia.

Among this very primitive people it is the custom for girls to be promised in marriage by their fathers when the girls are still only a few years old. Upon delivery of a spear or some trinket by the prospective suitor, the father enters into a solemn agreement. The suitor then goes his way, but as soon as the girl reaches the age of puberty, he may come and claim her at any time.

One such girl, after being promised, was brought by her father to a Catholic mission, where she was cared for and

educated by the sisters.

The years passed by, and one day a pagan, Miangla by name, appeared at the mission compound. He had come, he said, to claim Gimbi, his promised

The priest in charge of the mission was very courteous, and urged Miangla to sit down and refresh himself with a bowl of coconut milk.

"Listen," the missionary said, when they both were seated, "You wish to have this girl for your wife. I wish her to stay here with the Sisters."

Stern silence on the part of Miangla. "I will give you a pair of spears and two fine pots for Gimbi. A big, strong man like yourself will have no trouble finding another wife. But you might have trouble finding anything so beautiful as this spear."

Miangla drank his coconut milk in silence, but his eyes kept wandering to the spears and pots which the priest had pointed out in the corner of the room.

Finally he stood up, towering over the priest.

"I will take the spears," he said with great dignity.

"And the girl?"

"You keep the girl."

"For good?"

"For good."

Miangla strode off, and the missionary reflected happily that his spears and pots had once again saved the faith of a Christian native.

Ancient Solemnity

In Catholic countries, the bringing of Holy Communion to the sick is quite a solemn thing. A small canopy is carried over the priest's head, out of honor to the Blessed Sacrament, two servers carry lighted candles, and a bell-ringer precedes him down the street.

That the custom is not unknown in the Americas, appears from a letter written by a missionary in Peru to Mary-

knoll.

"When I carried the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man this morning," the priest wrote, "this was the sequence of events:

"A boy in the church tower rang the bells.

"Two boys with lighted candles pre-

ceded me.

"A member of the sick person's family went before, shouting in the Indian language: 'Kneel down. The Reverend Father carries the Most Holy Sacrament.' Meanwhile the people spread their ponchos on the road as a carpet, and a large crowd assembled around the sick bed to join in the prayers."



Pointed Paragraphs

Competent Schools

An exchange of letters in the June issue of the magazine Today, which calls itself the "Catholic Students' Magazine", points up sharply the right and wrong attitudes toward higher education that may be found among Catholics.

The first letter, written by Charles J. Russo, Jr., takes issue with an article that John Cort, noted writer on Catholic labor problems, had published previously in *Today*. In the article, John Cort had said:

"If you must go to college, then go to a Catholic one. Otherwise, I would suggest that you go to work, and save the time and money." According to Mr. Russo, he had backed this statement with the following argumentation:

"If you have a 'vocation' to go to college, you might as well go to a good one.

"The best type of college you can go to is a good Catholic one.

"If you can't go to a 'good' Catholic college, then go to a 'poor' one, because even the best non-Catholic college is a bad risk.

"Non-Catholic colleges are a bad risk because even the 'best' of them are hotbeds of heresy and loose morality and only one student in a thousand can withstand their naturalism, rationalism, materialism, Marxism or watered down Christianity."

Charles F. Russo, Jr., does not like this summarizing of the arguments for Catholics attending Catholic colleges. He calls it "illogical, utterly untrue and based on the worst type of hasty generalization." He hints at incompetency in many Catholic colleges. He lauds the University of Chicago as one almost beyond compare for intellectual honesty, competency and freedom from bias. He boldly advises Catholics to choose a secular university whose faculty members are competent and intellectually honest rather than a Catholic one of inferior quality, because to choose the latter would be to "subordinate your intellectual development to a myth."

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John Cort answers Charles Russo, Jr. calmly and with dignity. But he does not touch on the one point that should be paramount in any discussion of this issue. No matter what a youth of 17 or 18 may think about it, the Catholic Church has a law covering the education of her young people. That law says:

"The children of Catholics are not to attend non-Catholic, secular, or mixed schools (namely, those which are open also to non-Catholics). It belongs solely to the ordinary of the place to determine in what circumstances and with what safeguards against danger of perversion attendance of Catholics at such schools may be tolerated."

This law makes no distinction between elementary schools, high schools, and colleges. It makes no distinction between Catholics who think themselves competent to judge what is a competent school of higher learning and those who feel the need of advice and direction in this regard.

Mr. Russo's paean of praise for the University of Chicago neglects to mention that, apart from the small Hutchins-Adler circle there, it is a national center of behaviourism of the John Dewey type, than which nothing in the academic field could be more confusing and dangerous for the average Catholic student.

His assumption that good teachers are more important than sound Christian principles in education would make the salvation of one's soul secondary to the attainment of worldly wisdom.

His urging that the first consideration of students seeking a higher education should be to find a competent and intellectually honest faculty is not only directly opposed to the laws of his church, but based on the assumption that, before he is educated, a student is capable of judging what a good education is.

Of course there are reasons for which attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic colleges may be tolerated by a bishop. Of course there are Catholic students who do not lose their faith, or who even grow stronger in their faith, at such colleges. But the "Catholic Students' Magazine" should not, without objection, permit young writers to talk as if the Catholic Church had no wisdom and no competent authority to exercise in this important field.

Family Vocations

It is considered an accomplishment in the present day world if a mother and father send off a couple of sons and daughters to the priesthood and religious life. Listen to the accomplishment of the family of St. Bernard.

Bernard's family belonged to the upper class in society, accustomed to the best things in the material order. That is what makes the story so remarkable. The upper class is not very well known for the making of priests and sisters.

Bernard and his brothers, six or seven of them, along with a large number of

cousins, uncles and other relatives, at one time lived together in the family castle for a period of six months. At the end of the six months *thirty* of these men said farewell to home, and left in a body for the monastery at Citeaux in France. The life led by the monks at Citeaux was not the kind that is generally associated with genteelness and aristocracy.

Later on Bernard left Citeaux to found a new monastery at Clairvaux where even a more rigorous life would be followed. He took with him as his companions his brothers, Guy, Gerard and Andrew, his uncle Gaudy, and his cousins, Godfrey de la Roche and Robert de Chatillon.

But that wasn't all. Pleasant news soon greeted Bernard at Clairvaux. His father, Tescelin, decided to enter the novitiate and become a monk too. And at about the same time his only sister, Hambeline, who had lately married and now inherited all the family property, a fine and fashionable lady, came to visit her brothers, and was so impressed by her interview with Bernard that after mutual agreement with her husband, they both a few years later becam religious, she herself entering a Benedictine nunnery.

Thus, Bernard's family gave more than a score of young people to the church. I know of no modern family that has equaled this record.

Defeat for Death

The promoters of "mercy-killing" had hoped that the trial of Dr. Hermann W. Sander in New Hampshire would turn into a great victory for their cause. They had counted on it to produce a wave of propaganda that would line up public opinion solidly behind their aim to turn doctors, from their historic role as healers of disease and guardians of life, into killers.

What actually happened was that the Sander trial accomplished the opposite result. While a feeble professional (and pagan) voice is still raised now and then in behalf of euthanasia, the overwhelming weight of responsible opinion and judgment has condemned it. The Sander trial was, in the Providence of God, an occasion for the strengthening of the principle of the inviolability of human life in the professional and popular mind. Consider these facts:

Even at the trial of Dr. Sander, the question of the legality of mercy-killing was completely by-passed, and the defense was conducted and the verdict rendered on the issue of whether Dr. Sander's patient was dead or alive when he administered air into her veins. Since the evidence was not clear that she was alive, and there was some evidence that she was dead, the jury acquitted the doctor on the score that murder could not be proved.

Shortly after the trial, the County Medical Society of which Dr. Sander was a member expelled him. Their sound argument was that either he had intended to cause death by injecting air into a patient's veins, or he had "blacked out" under stress and performed an irresponsible action, as he himself maintained at his trial. In either case it was considered against the public interest to permit him to practice medicine.

In April, the council of the World Medical Association, made up of the medical societies of 40 nations, representing 500,000 physicians, roundly condemned "mercy-killing" as contrary to public interest, medical principles, and the natural and civil rights of individuals, and recommended that national medical associations condemn it under any and all circumstances.

When this article appears, the American Medical Association will have com-

pleted its annual convention, scheduled for June in San Francisco. We predict that it, too, will have spoken out against medical murder.

Moslem Millions

For those Catholics who have been laggard in zeal, some startling figures of what has yet to be done to make Christianity universal have been revealed by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. These figures, given in round numbers, concern only the countries of the world that are dominated by Mohammedanism, but they show that the domination is complete.

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In 11 countries with a total population of 154,900,000 people, there are 126,090,000 Moslems, and only 890,000 Catholics. In Pakhistan, for example, of 71,000,000 people, 50,000,000 are Moslems and only 95,000 are Catholics. Of Egypt's 19,000,000 inhabitants, 17,000,000 are Moslems and only 120,000 are Catholics. Turkey has 18,000,000 Moslems of a total population of 19,000,000 and only 50,000 Catholics. In the 11 countries listed, scarcely half of one per cent are Catholics, while 81 per cent are followers of Mohammed.

Mohammendans are usually totalitarian, i. e., they make their religion a state religion wherever that is possible, and they believe in the use of force to spread it. That is why it is said that the conversion to Christianity of Mohammedans is more difficult to achieve than that of any other class of people.

Because of the huge numbers involved and the difficulty of the task, Catholics should direct special prayers and sacrifices toward the Christianization of Mohammedan lands. They should pray that another St. Francis Xavier, or many Francis Xaviers may arise, with the sanctity and genius to replace the crescent with the cross.



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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

THE LAST THINGS

6. The Last Judgment (Cont.):

Familiar with only the manner of procedure in the conducting of trials here on earth, we might well wonder in what manner this final judgment of the human race will be conducted. It will, undoubtedly, differ greatly from our human trials. There will be no need of witnesses, accusers, the presentation and explanation of the law, proofs and arguments, for at the tribunal of God, the Sovereign Judge, Jesus Christ, Who has a complete and distinct knowledge of all our works and thoughts, will pass judgment in an instant. Not only will each individual be judged, but all other men and all the angels present will be granted such clear knowledge of all these things, that there will be left no room for question or doubt.

Theologians are commonly of the opinion that in this judgment not a word will be spoken between the accusers and witnesses, between the Judge and those undergoing judgment. Al' shall take place in a purely mental manner, and in silence, everything being revealed in the minds and consciences of those present, Jesus Christ Himself. who knows the merits and demerits of each, will make known the entire truth to the souls of the accusers and the accused and this in an instant and without need of speech. St. Augustine explains that the Judge will recall to the memory of each person who must undergo judgment all their works with their accompanying circumstances in such a manner that there will be no chance or need for defense or refutation.

There are, however, a number of

passages in Sacred Scripture which might lead us to think that this final judgment will take place in a manner apparent to the senses of our bodies and in a dramatic fashion. Such, for instance, are the passages in the prophecies of Daniel (7/10): "The judgment sat, and the books were opened;" and in the Apocalypse of St. John (20/12): "I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works." These and other passages of Sacred Scripture are evidently meant as a figure of speech, for this confronting of those to be judged with their deeds will take place not in a sensible, but in an entirely spiritual manner, so that each will know interiorly all his works according as they have been conformable or contrary to the divine laws.

St. Augustine, moreover, maintains that there will not merely be one unique book for all, but as many books as there are consciences. For, by an operation of the divine power, each will perceive in a moment, and, as it were, at a glance, all that is contained in the book of his conscience, and will know the goodness or malice of all his works. Thus it shall be that each shall be judged at one and the same time. All of these reflections are in perfect conformity with the words of St. Paul in his epistle to the Romans (2/15-16): "They show the works of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts between themselves, accusing, or also defending one another, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

In the last judgment, the Sovereign Judge shall demand a special account of those wretched men who were witnesses of His bitter Passion, in which He suffered so much for their love. A similar account shall be demanded of those who have scorned His Passion, though they have been reminded so forcibly of it by the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is for this reason that the Church wishes the celebrant of each Mass to pronounce these words in the name of Jesus Christ: "As often as you shall do this, you do it in commemoration of Me." Hence, Our Lord has willed that this Sacrifice of the Altar be celebrated all over the world as a reminder of His Passion. For this reason, too, each of the four evangelists have lovingly set down an accurate account of His bitter sufferings and death, and the Saints have kept constantly before their eyes the Passion of Our Lord. The very sight of the image of the crucifix has been enough to encourage them to suffer with joy persecution and torment for the love of this God Who has died for their love.

But, what value do the majority of men place upon this Passion of Jesus Christ? What impression do these sermons of the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the crucifixion upon the tree make upon their lives? Little or none! Just as though Jesus Christ were not their Lord, as though there were not to be a day of judgment!

Saint Matthew writes that Caiphas and the other priests, after declaring Jesus deserving of death for having claimed to be the Son of God and while awaiting the break of day to lead Him to Pilate, outraged Him during the whole night: they spat in His face. struck Him with their fists, and others slapped Him exclaiming, "Christ, prophecy to us who it is that struck thee." Such is the narration of St. Matthew. But Saint Jerome says that all the other outrages and sufferings which Jesus Christ was forced to undergo during that night will be manifested to all men by the Lord on the day of judgment. He will also reveal all the special forms of agony to which He was a prev in the garden of Gethsemani, all the sufferings endured in the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the journey to Calvary, and in the crucifixion up to the very moment when He expired.

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Contemplatives have written many things about the sufferings endured by Jesus Christ in His Passion, but all such visions are uncertain, whereas on the day of judgment He will Himself reveal to all men the torments which He underwent, especially during the three hours of agony upon the Cross. He will also make known all the prayers. sighs, and tears which He offered to the heavenly Father, and through which He obtained eternal salvation for the elect. according to the words of St. Paul: "Who in the days of His flesh, with a strong cry and tears, offering up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save Him from death, was heard for His reverence." (Heb. 5/7).

For the elect these revelations will be an incentive to eternal thanksgiving and unspeakable joy, while for the damned they will form an eternal subject for confusion and regret. O God! The partisans of the world refuse now to think of the sufferings which Jesus Christ has endured for their salvation, but in hell they will have constantly before their eyes the Passion of Jesus Christ and all that He underwent to save them. Realizing all these benefits, they

will understand that they themselves have been the cause of their own ruin. Thus the Passion of Our Lord will be for them a torment more cruel than the fire and all the other pains of hell.

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The sentence which Jesus Christ will pronounce over the elect is dramatically narrated in the gospel according to St. Matthew: "Then shall the king say to them that shall be on His right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess ve the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But. to the reprobate, who will be gathered on His left, He will exclaim: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels". (Mt. 25/34,41). These two sentences are reserved for those who, having attained the use of reason, have by their good or evil deeds merited for themselves the sentence of eternal life or eternal death. They are the direct result of the words which follow in the sacred text: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat, etc. I was hungry, and you did not give me to eat." (Mt. 25/35, 42).

We will speak later of the eternal lot of infants and those people who, because of some mental affliction, have never attained the use of reason and have died without baptism, their souls being stained only by original sin, There will, therefore, be three general sentences passed upon all men to be judged. In virtue of these, they will either be admitted to eternal happiness in heaven, committed eternally to hell, or merely excluded from the heavenly kingdom. In this last classification will fall those infants who have died without baptism, and before attaining the use of reason.

Aside from these three general sentences, there will also be an infinite number of particular sentences to be meted out to each of the elect and the damned, for each of the blessed will be

rewarded with a different degree of glory, and each of the damned punished with a different degree of pain, according to the merits or demerits of each. Theologians are generally of the opinion that these particular sentences of the damned and the elect will not be delivered orally by Jesus Christ, for this would take too great an amount of time, but will be delivered in some mental or spiritual manner. This will be achieved, perhaps, by an effect of the divine power, or through the intermediary of the conscience of each individual to be judged, or by the saintly assessors, of whom we have spoken previously, who will inform each individual of the sentence pronounced upon him by Jesus Christ.

These individual judgments will be revealed not merely to each individual to undergo judgment, but will in some manner also be made known to all men. Hence, as St. Augustine remarks, no one will be able to complain that during this life the wicked enjoyed happiness and the good were afflicted, for in this judgment each man will perceive the true goodness or wickedness of each man's life.

It seems more probable that the three general sentences, to be pronounced over all men, will be communicated by the Supreme Judge in a loud voice, and not merely in a spiritual or mental manner. This is more in accord with the texts of Sacred Scripture and with the circumstances which will surround the last judgment. For instance, Christ Himself will appear in His human nature. and those to be judged will likewise be gathered before Him in their human forms. Hence, it is but fitting that the judgment will be pronounced aloud. This oral pronunciation of the judgment will, moreover, add to the joy of the elect, and increase the confusion of the damned.



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

OLIVE BERNARDINE WHITE, 1899-

Historical Novelist

I. Life:

Olive B. White, the second child of John and Mary White, was born on May 28th, 1899, in New Haven, Connecticut. Soon after her birth the family moved to Roslindale, a suburb of Boston, where Miss White received her early education in the public schools. In 1918, Miss White graduated from Radcliffe College, magna cum laude. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was obtained at her alma mater in 1926. After teaching one year at Wellesley College, Miss White joined the faculty at Bradley Polytechnic Institute in Peoria, Illinois. She is now professor of English and Dean of Women at Bradley. Much of her time is given to various educational and civic organizations. The Gallery of Living Catholic Authors has elected Miss White to membership.

II. Writings:

Olive B. White has followed her more famous sister, Helen C. White, into the field of historical fiction. Her duties as educator leave her only the summer months to devote to her hobby of writing. She has utilized this time to make profound studies of the men and times that make up the

background for her novels. Since her novels have dealt with sections of English history, Miss White has spent a great deal of time in the libraries of England, especially the British Museum. Critics have praised her work for historical accuracy concerning the characters as well as the spirit of the times. In her second work, Late Harvest, the author attempts to develop the narrative style to a greater degree of perfection than she lelt she had in her first work. Her novels are historically true, fictionally interesting and faithful to the Catholic spirit of life. Miss White has also found time to make several contributions to current periodicals.

III. The Book:

Her first and most popular novel, The King's Good Servant, is the story of the struggle between Thomas More and the tyrannical King Henry. The results of her research are evidenced in this book which belongs to the school of fictionalized biography and history. Her main purpose is to show the strength of character exercised by Thomas More in remaining loyal to his principles, despite persecution by the King. This lengthy historical novel will instruct and interest the reader.

JULY BOOK REVIEWS

Three Spiritual Books

Where is Thy God? By Father James, O.F.M.Cap. 180 pp. Dublin: Mercier Press. 10/6.

From God to God. By Rev. Stephen J. Brown, S.J. 317 pp. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.00.

Secrets of the Interior Life. By Luis M. Martinez, D.D. Translated by H. J. Buetler, C.M. 207 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$3.00.

From the two Catholic countries of Ireland and Mexico these three books are brought to the American public. Father James, the noted Capuchin writer, and Father Brown, the learned Jesuit bibliographer, are the Irish authors; Archbishop Luis M. Martinez is the head of the Archdiocese of Mexico City. The first two books are intended primarily for the laity; the third one is addressed to religious.

Father James and Father Brown have outlined the Catholic pattern of living. Years ago, Father James published some retreat conferences under the title, Where is Thy God? and the continued popularity of this book has justified a new edition. The author maintains that no one will ever satisfy his yearning for happiness until he has found his God. Where is Thy God? reveals a great knowledge of the need of modern man and woman as well as a facile style.

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From God to God contains an outline of life for those living in the world. The seven sections of the work trace our progress from God back again to God through the fulfillment of the daily duties of ordinary life. The chapters are brief and thought-provoking. Readers will profit by Father Brown's latest publication.

The writings of Archbishop Martinez have gained a merited popularity in Mexico and Father Buetler is to be thanked for making the first English translation of any of his works. Secrets of the Interior Life is a simple presentation of the soul's ap-

proach to God. Emphasis is placed on the role of spiritual dryness in the pursuit of God. The picturesqueness of the original Spanish is glimpsed from time to time in this book. Religious will find it a refreshing and stimulating book.

St. Thomas Aquinas

A Lexicon of St. Thomas Aquinas. By Roy J. Deferrari, Ph.D.; Sister M. Inviolata Barry, C.D.P., Ph.D. and Ignatius McGuiness, O.P., S.T.D. Fascicle I. 262 pp. Washington: The Catholic University Press; \$12.50 per fascicle; \$62.50 for set of 5 fascicles.

Students of St. Thomas will welcome the publication of a monumental work on St. Thomas's use of words in his writings, principally in the Summa Theologica. Every word used in his great work is given and explained according to the usage of the author. Though this work was made by Latin scholars, a theologian has collaborated so as to give the correct philosophical and theological interpretation to the Latin. This work will find its way into every seminary and Catholic College library. May the authors be presented with the necessary funds and time to finish this masterpiece of American scholarship.

Messages From Wartime France

Who Shall Bear The Flame? By Jules-Gerard Saliege, Archbishop of Toulouse. Translated by Rev. Speer Strahan. 191 pp. South Bend, Fides Publishers, \$2.75.

There are in existence a great many collections of sermons and pastoral letters, but few of them, we venture to say, are so tremendously impressive as those contained in the present volume. Written or delivered between 1939 and 1946 by a prelate who became known as the Primate of the Fighting French, they derive their importance not only from the setting in which they appeared, but from the indomitable spirit

which they breathe in every line.

The collection is divided into four parts, and follows a chronological order under the headings, War, Armistice, Terror and Liberation. The fears and hopes of a tottering nation are mirrored forth at the outbreak of the war; then, during the dark days of defeat and occupation, the sadness and self-reproach of the French people find expression in the utterances of a noble shepherd, to be followed by earnest pleas for national reform even in the very flush of a victory granted by divine providence.

There is clearly visible a central theme running through all these letters and messages; the Archbishop comes back constantly to the importance of recognizing the Christian dignity of man, and his relation to and dependence upon God. If France fell, it was because this central fact was lost sight of; if she is to become a strong nation once again, it can only be brought about if she builds upon this firm foundation. Every misfortune and every joy must be made to fit into this pattern, if man is to be happy and at peace. It is interesting to note that the Archbishop (now Cardinal) has much to say on the subject of a united Europe. But he predicates his plan on a recognition of the Christian brotherhood of man-transcending national and racial lines. It is to be feared that Winston Churchill and others who have the same ideal of a United Europe are all too ready to minimize this spiritual element in their political plans.

This volume will serve as a worth-while companion of the two mighty pastoral letters of Cardinal Souhard, one of which, Growth and Decline, is published by the same firm. It would be difficult to improve upon Father Strahan's translation.

Gespel Meditations

Gospel Gems. By Canon Paul Marc. Translated by Reverened J. A. Fredette. 226 pp. New York: F. Pustet Co. \$3.00 Father J. Fredette, the translator of the

author's first book, Scaling the Heights. has issued another book by Canon Marc. Gospel Gems. The French writer explains that the Gospel did not mean too much to him until he began to reflect that Christ had him personally in mind when He performed His miracles and revealed His truths. The fruits of his meditations are contained in this series of reflections on some of the Gospel scenes. There is a bare minimum of explanation of the text, but most of the words are concerned with personal applications suggested by the Gospel incident. This book does not pretend to have the solidity and thoroughness of Father Meshler's Life of Christ. Lay people who are looking for a book of simple reflections will draw profit from Gospel Gems.

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The Miraculous Medal

The Medal. By Mary Fabyan Windeatt. 107 pp. St. Meinrad: The Grail Press. \$2.00.

The skillful hagiographer, Mary Fabyan Windeatt, has written another book for children. The Medal is the story of the recently canonized St. Catherine Labouré, to whom the Blessed Mother revealed the devotion to the Miraculous Medal. The Mother of God appeared to Catherine while she was still a novice and gave her the mission of spreading devotion to her as the Immaculate Conception and as the Mediatrix of Graces. The Miraculous Medal was struck according to Our Lady's appearance in the vision.

The story is told with an effortless simplicity that carries the attention of the reader down to the last word. As usual with the books of Miss Windeatt, adults will find just as delightful reading as will the youngsters. This reviewer, for one, always looks forward to the next book by the author.

History of the Church

The Catholic Church in the United States.

By Reverend Theodore Roemer, O.F.M.

Cap. 444 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$5.00.

The Catholic Story of Liberia. By Reverned Martin J. Bane, S.M.A. 163 pp. New York: Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.50.

Shortly before his death, Monsignor Peter Guilday suggested to Father Roemer that he prepare a suitable textbook for the study of the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the present work is the answer of the former pupil to the recommendation of his professor. There is a need for a text of American Church history, as there is no complete text in existence. The pioneer work of John Gilmary Shea has been supplemented by many monographs, but no one has presented a full textbook based on the published works of scholars. The very readable study, The Story of American Catholicism, by Theodore Maynard, was not intended to be used in the classroom.

In the preface the author gives the outline of the work. "The first part presents the early mission history in a condensed form as a preparation for the history proper of the Catholic Church in the United States. The second part explores the foundation of the present hierarchical order before the great immigrations set in. The difficulties of the immigration period are presented in the third part. The mature Church is

sketched in the fourth part." Each chapter is dedicated to a study of the happenings of a decade with an attempt to group the discussion around some important fact. The author pays particular attention to the development of the various dioceses in the United States.

Father Roemer, the author of Ten Decades of Alms, has given students an important text in his present work. A criticism would be that it is too detailed to make for interest and for comprehension of the basic problems in the development of the Church in the United States.

Closely connected with the development of the Church in the United States is the history of the Church in the Americanfounded republic of Liberia. Father Martin J. Bane of the Society of African Missions has narrated The Catholic Story of Liberia. In 1822 the American government sponsored the emigration of free Negroes to Africa, and it has served as the protector of the republic of Liberia. The second council of Baltimore urged that missionaries be sent for the spiritual welfare of the Negroes. The story of the efforts of the first missionaries and of the activities of several religious communities now in Africa is told by the author. It is the history of the heroic efforts of many priests to bring the salvation of Christ to others.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

B. HERDER CO.: The Nazarene. By Eugenio Zolli; The Message of Christ. By Dr. Adolph Donders; Revival of Paganism. By Gustave Combes. Human Personality. By H. C. E. Zacharias.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO. How To Educate Human Beings. By Edward A. Fitzpatrick.

P. J. KENEDY CO. Easy Does It. By Hugh Reilly.

LITURGICAL PRESS: Theology of the Old Testament. By Dr. Paul Heinisch; The Church's Prayer for the Dead; Christian Married Love. By Gerald Vann: The

Gift of Life; The Seal of the Spirit; My Sacramental Record.

NEWMAN PRESS: Ancient Christian Writers: St. Augustine. The Greatness of Soul; The Teacher. Translated by Joseph M. Colleran, C.SS.R.

PAULIST PRESS: The Life of Mary. By Harry Hasselberg, C.S.R.; My Conversion To the Catholic Faith. By Bishop Duane G. Hunt; Examination of conscience for Teen-age and Up. By Paul F. Flynn.

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SO-CIETY: Fatima or World Suicide.



Lucid Intervals

A lady owned a fox terrier that barked at intervals all day at everything: people, birds, butterflies, snakes.

So when one afternoon the dog started to bark, she took no notice until she realized that he was barking a little longer than usual. Going to the front door, she found the new vicar and his wife on the doorstep. She was so flustered that she said: "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were here. I hope you haven't been barking long."

Said one girl to her friend, speaking of her two beaus: "If I could combine their qualities, I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Ronald is gay, debonair, rich, handsome and witty, and Clarence wants to marry me."

The parents of children who attend the Sunset School gathered one recent night in the Seventh Ave. home of Frederick McCrea to hear a talk by Dr. Laurence Levitin, specialist in child psychiatry.

After he finished, he called for questions, and patiently handed out advice on the problem of kids who suck their thumbs, break their toys, steal, etc. The pleasant evening broke up as a grim-faced father in a back seat arose and asked seriously: "Doctor, how do you feel about capital punishment?"

A neighbor found the flier's wife in tears. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm worried about Henry," the wife answered, "He's been trying for a week to get rid of our cat. He finally decided to take her up in his plane and drop her over the side."

"Now, that's nothing to worry about," said the neighbor.

"It certainly is," wept the flier's wife.
"Henry isn't home yet but the cat is."

After several hours' fishing, little Patty suddenly threw down her pole and exclaimed, "I quit!"

"Why Patty, what's the matter?" asked her mother.

"Well, mother," she answered, "I just can't seem to get waited on."

The man was lazy, no doubt about it. He told his friend that he was quitting his job. "Just what do you do?" asked the friend.

"I sort oranges."

"You mean all you have to do is separate the good oranges from the bad?" TI

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"Uh-huh."

"But that's not tough. Why are you quitting?"

Quoth the lazy one: "All those decisions! All those decisions!"

Once a Frenchman who'd promptly said "Oui"

To some ladies who'd asked him if houi Cared to drink, threw a fit

Upon finding that it

Was a tipple no stronger than toui.

A charming belle was being courted by a rather stern young banker. When queried by a friend about the prospects of marriage, she said flatly: "If that stuffed shirt proposes, I'll give him nothing but a deaf ear."

But less than a week later she was wearing the young man's square-cut diamond. Her friend commented, "I thought you said you'd be deaf to any proposal from him."

"Yes, I did," she admitted looking at the great, gorgeous diamond in the engagement ring. "But I didn't say I'd be stone deaf."